

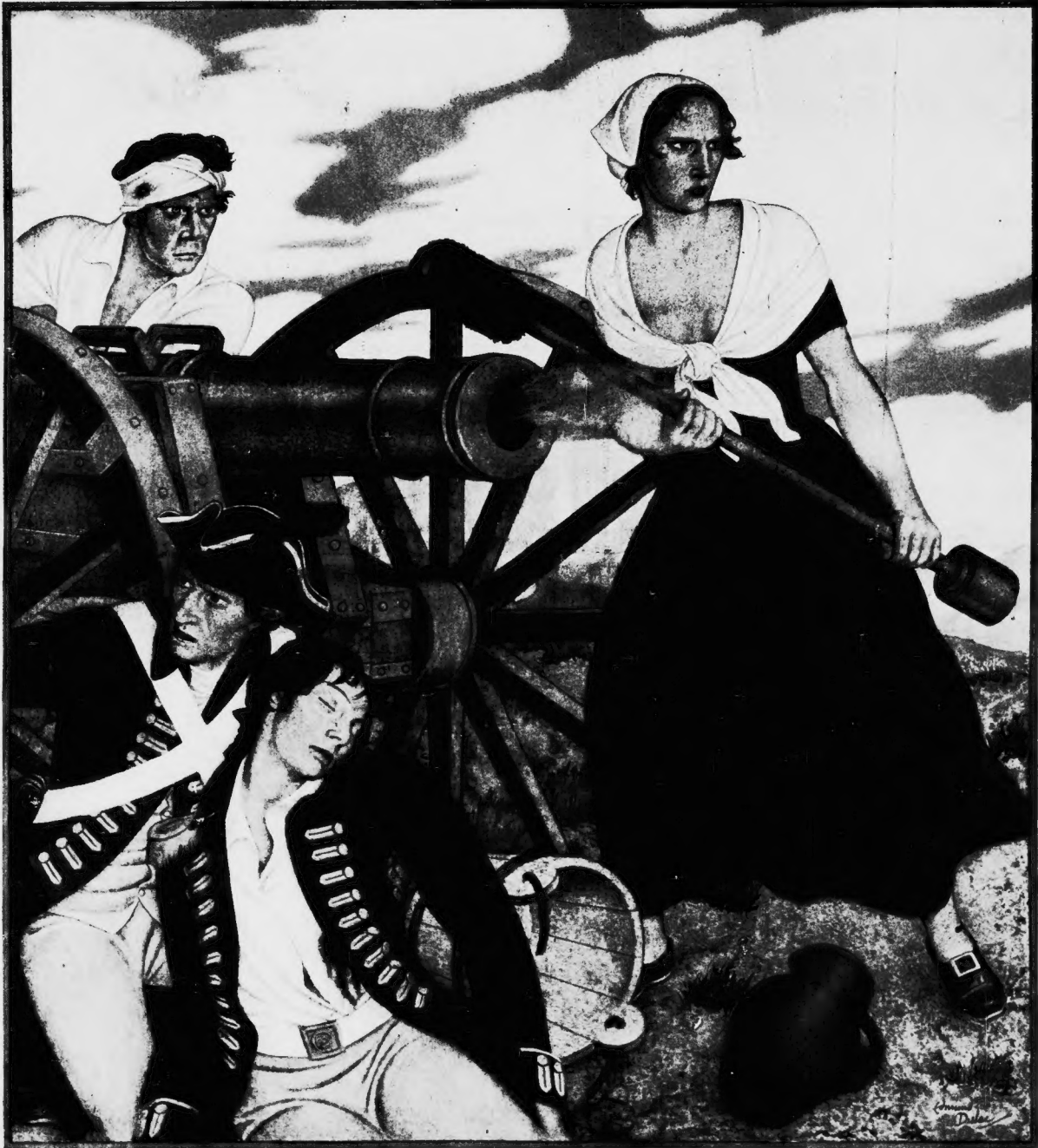
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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Sunday, July 17, 1938



MOLLY PITCHER

*Fighting
Women*

*By the Distinguished
English Artist —
Edmund Dulac*

AMERICA has its valiant women too, and one of those who has become an honored figure in our history is Molly Pitcher. She won her name and fame at the battle of Monmouth, in New Jersey, when Washington's forces stiffened General Charles Lee's men against further retreat and so saved the American army from possible destruction.

Twenty-four years old at the time, Molly's real name was Mary Hays. Her husband was an infantryman who happened to be detailed as a gunner in the battle. It was an unbearably hot day, and many were stricken by heat as well as bullets. But Molly brought water in a pitcher from a well to the soldiers without rest, even in the thick of battle. Because of the water pitcher the soldiers gratefully dubbed her Molly Pitcher. When her husband was wounded, she took his place at the cannon and fought—not as woman against man but for home against enemy. Her courage in the conflict is of the sort that, more than generals, wins wars.

Murdered By Killed On Her Wedding Day

IT'S SUPPOSED to be bad luck if the groom sees his bride before the ceremony on their wedding day. But because Ruby Creilly, his housekeeper for 17 years, insisted on seeing the "lucky girl" that day, John Thomas, proprietor of an auto repair shop in Crawford County, Kansas, finally gave in and brought his fiancée to his apartment. Then he went out to get shaved and trimmed for the event.

When he returned an hour later, his prospective bride lay dead in a pool of blood, shot with a bullet, and his housekeeper was in the hands of the law. So literally did the bad omen of his bride's "pre-view" come true.

The other day the housekeeper was sentenced to life imprisonment, having narrowly escaped being the first woman to pay the death penalty in Kansas which adopted capital punishment nearly three years ago.

A week before the tragedy the housekeeper opened the door for Thomas without saying a word. He was late again, for months he had been late, night after night. But she no longer wondered why. She knew—because out of jealousy she had trailed him for several days. A little discreet questioning confirmed her worst fears. Thomas, himself 41 years old, was going to get married to a pretty young woman only 21 years old and already divorced.

Once the housekeeper was considered attractive, too. Time and mirrors do not lie—and by the evidence of both she was 36 years older than the interloper. Her discovery that the "other woman," named Wynna Mae Payton, was going to take away all those years was too much to bear. In court she later testified that she was more than just his housekeeper, that all those years they lived together as man and wife. Thomas steadfastly denied this in court, but the woman's testimony for the moment could be denied—her murderous action was the clearest proof.

Miss Creilly, however, did not come right out and oppose the marriage that Thomas was planning. She did, however, say that she knew about his romance. According to her testimony she even offered to break it up for him. Her version of the affair, as later told in court, was that Thomas



The Jealous Housekeeper Put an End to the Violent Scene With the Bride-to-Be by Pulling a Blank from the Cushions of the Sofa and Firing Point-Blank at Her Young Rival.

broke down and told her he was in trouble with the divorce. He told her, the housekeeper testified, that he had to marry the young woman and that he didn't want to. Miss Creilly thereupon offered to help him out of his predicament—she said she wanted to talk to the girl for this purpose, according to her sworn testimony. But Thomas said in court that he did not suspect any such motive as at the bottom of her desire to meet the bride-to-be.

It may very well have been that the housekeeper seemed to be open-minded about the impending wedding. At any rate, she kept suggesting that Thomas should bring Wynna around, and finally on the day of the wedding she did so. As for the housekeeper herself, she had been assured that arrangements would be made to take care of her after the wedding. The prosecution declared that she, however, saw a time coming when the wife would object to the support of two homes, and when her allowance would be stopped.

As housekeeper, she never received any real salary, but Thomas said that he provided a home for her, gave her money to run it and bought her whatever she needed in payment for her services. They had separate bedrooms, but Miss Creilly suggested that these were just for appearance, "one where he kept his clothes, and the other where I kept mine."

At any rate, when Thomas brought his fiancée around and left them together for "a talk," that talk soon became abusive. The housekeeper said the girl had threatened her because she wasn't willing to give up Thomas. There was a scuffle.

The housekeeper, weak from an illness, said she was not able to handle the girl. She reached for a pistol which was conveniently hidden in the sofa where Thomas had left it sitting. The housekeeper said she kept it hidden because of promises who were reported to be in the neighborhood.

There was a "scuffle," the pistol was fired, and the divorce fell dead.

The green-eyed demon that drove Miss Creilly to fire at her attractive visitor apparently left her a sleepy woman, from all the evidence. Maybe the "back street housewife" was hummed out by the desire to get the intruder out of the way. At any rate, Miss Creilly was so emotionless the night of the slaying that she went to sleep while she was being grilled by the police.

In court the stories that she and Thomas, as the two principal witnesses, told to the jury box were in direct conflict. At the end of five days Judge L. M. Resler, trial judge, made it plain that the verdict of the first murder was called for. The jury reached this conclusion on the first ballot. But it took a night of deliberation to decide whether or not the woman should be executed for the crime. The final decision was that Miss Creilly must live. She was condemned to the very life of solitude she dreaded when she learned that she had a successful rival. In short, murder didn't get her a thing—which anybody could have told her the first place.

But for Thomas there is a cruel meaning to the line by Shakespeare that "a man may weep on his wedding day." He had to bury the woman he had meant to marry.

Science Solves The Chinese Puzzle of The 400 Frozen Bodies

ON THE BANKS of the Hai Ho River where it passes the industrial city of Tientsin in China, two slant-eyed children were leaning over the side of a family junk. They were making a game out of watching the passing pieces of ice floating downstream after the first spring thaw.

Suddenly the youngsters had a shock that might have turned many an older person's hair gray. Some of the frozen blocks were studded with the grinning faces of dead men and women whose bodies were half-concealed by the gleamy "coffins" of ice.

But the one the children remembered most vividly of all was a pale, young girl with a sickly hair trailing after her as she was swept by the current, without any covering for her limbs from except the ice.

They screamed and leaped to shore, where they ran for all they were worth until they reached an official. Chattering with fear and excitement, the pair told what they had seen. The words came so fast that they got all tangled up and could not make themselves clear. Still the officer got the drift of what they were telling him and soon bodies were being bailed out of the river.

The dead were not victims of the war frozen in by coolies and not by coolies. They were soldiers, and they were not soldiers. They were soldiers, and they were not soldiers.

At first it was supposed that the dead were soldiers, but certain indications pointed to the fact that the dead were soldiers, but certain indications pointed to the fact that the dead were soldiers.

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concession at Tientsin. Four hundred open opium shops and 600 secret ones were found in this section, being run in defiance of Chinese law.

This was upsetting to the government of the Yellow River because it has spent millions in its drive against the curse of narcotics. The Dowager Empress, last important ruler of the Manchus, decreed death for users of opium. In 1918, Sun Yat-sen bought up all the opium he could find in China and had it set on fire. The bonfire date became a national holiday. In recent years the campaign against dope began to win out, and anti-opium posters and pamphlets were making their influence felt. Nine hundred and thirty-seven free hospitals were built to cure addicts, and death was decreed for those who wouldn't let themselves be cured. Death went to all peddlers of the vice also, the government report stated.

Once the chemical diagnosis of the frozen bodies was made, it was just a matter of detective work to find out the final details. Great drug rings, say the Chinese authorities, were found to be operating in Tientsin. Many who entered the dope dens never saw the light of day again. The human derelicts, once they have no more money, nor ability to earn it, are a nuisance to police and to the community.

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"First Radio" In the Empire Of the North

DIRECTORS of the Smithsonian Institution are debating whether to honor a small heap of wires and iron that for many years has been gathering dust in an attic at West Springfield, Massachusetts. If they do so, it will be a tribute to what many regard as the first workable radio, invented by Dr. Mahlon Loomis, of Washington, D. C., 72 years ago.

The fact is that this crude apparatus flashed a blue message eighteen miles from peak to peak in the Blue Ridge Mountain eight years before the late Italian inventor, Guglielmo Marconi, was born. Yet it was Marconi who got the credit for wireless transmission of sound, and Loomis who died frustrated, the victim of one of the straightest jinxes on record.

As early as 1866, thirty years before Marconi started signals across nine miles of English air, Dr. Loomis was on top of a Blue Ridge summit, sending an assistant on another peak the first faint signals from his primitive instrument. It was a day of triumph for Dr. Loomis.

From that day, however, trouble ensued. The short messages sent back and forth did, it's true, lead to a patent on July 17, 1872, later as No. 138,871. That was not the signal of success as it often is, unfortunately. The letters said that "the nature of my invention or discovery consists in a general method of utilizing natural electricity and establishing an electrical current or circuit for telegraphic and other purposes without the aid of wires, artificial batteries, or cables to form such electrical circuit, and yet communicating from one continent to another."

The first troubles that beset Loomis were the "black Friday" of 1869 and the great Chicago fire two years later. Boston backers of his invention were ruined by the repercussions of Wall Street's fateful day, and the Chicago capitalists were completing negotiations with him when Mrs. O'Leary's cow licked over the lamp. The ensuing fire left his Chicago clients faithful day, and the Chicago capitalists were completing negotiations with him when Mrs. O'Leary's cow licked over the lamp. The ensuing fire left his Chicago clients faithful day, and the Chicago capitalists were completing negotiations with him when Mrs. O'Leary's cow licked over the lamp.

In spite of these handicaps, Dr. Loomis in 1873 managed to approach Congress and succeeded in getting that body to pass the Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company Bill.



Eight Years Before Marconi, the "Father of Radio," Was Born. Dr. Loomis, an American Inventor, Flashed a Wireless Signal 18 Miles, from One Mountain Top to Another.

It even bore the required signature of President Grant, but unfortunately, Congress ignored an appropriation of \$50,000, which was necessary if the bill was to have any favorable effect on the development of the invention.

The bill, introduced four years previously, is supposed to have been left without "implementation" because of the man who presented the facts. He was Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. "I desire to say that I perform a duty, and I content myself with remarking that it is either a great case of moonshine, or it marks a great epoch in the progress of invention."

The patent itself, it is believed, brings credit to Loomis for having invented the first aerial, since an aerial attached to a kite was used at each Blue Ridge station in 1866, as well as in earlier private experiments.

The Washington newspapers recognized the great promise of the invention. The Washington Chronicle, for example, in November, 1872, declared that "Professor Loomis has the true idea, and it will eventually revolutionize the whole system of telegraphy."

Discussing the patent, the doctor wrote, "as in dispensing with the double wire which was the first used in telegraphing, making use of but one, substituting the air instead of a wire to form one-half of the circuit, so I now dispense with both wires, using the earth as one-half of the circuit and the air as the other half, thus reducing the cost of the apparatus to a minimum, and in other words, to disturb the electrical equilibrium and thus obtain a current of electricity or shocks or pulsations which traverse or disturb the positive electrical body of the atmosphere above and between two given points, by communicating to the negative electrical body in the earth below to form the electrical circuit."

In another experiment on shipboard, Dr. Loomis also used the water as a medium for transmission in this case Chesapeake Bay—but although he kept experimenting until his death, he never made a post of his invention. His elementary apparatus, today stored in the home of a nephew, Winthrop S. Baggs, includes a crude magnet, several coils of wire and numerous strapping pieces whose exact function cannot be determined any more.

The collection is all that is left of a fabulous dream that might have come true, had luck favored instead of shunned the man who invented the "first radio."

One Way Spiral Stairs Found in the Human Throat

EVERY day millions of particles of dust get sucked out of your throat. Nature manages this by one of her trick inventions: a tiny circular stairway in human and animal throats fitted in so neatly that it was discovered only recently by Dr. A. E. Barclay, distinguished British specialist on X-rays.

This spiral stair is not for the use of morsels of food—no, this is out before there were any men, when the first put lungs into animals. Dust already was a nuisance at that early date, even without factories and fireplaces to contribute soot and smoke, and the first animals with lungs were threatened with extinction by choking to death. Nature soon straightened this trouble out by supplying these animals' throats with a lot of tiny hair-like whirling whips to drive the intruding dust particles out. Like an old-fashioned driver's whip which helped to speed the nag along, these cilia make a fast stroke forward and a slower stroke coming back as they sweep the intruding dust.

The inside of the throat passages leading to the lungs is covered with these microscopic cilia, all beating in time with each other like a grain, sweeping forward and slowly straightening up again. It really is a shove that means "get going" as far as the particles of dust, soot or what-have-you are concerned, and forces them in the direction in which the cilia make their rapid bend. Since these cilia are acting as official "bouncers" to keep dust out of the lungs, their natural motion would be expected to be toward the nearest exit.

What Dr. Barclay has discovered, by watching, soot particles being kicked out of pieces of animal throat which were kept alive in suitable chemical solutions, is that as the cilia make their "this-way-out" motion they send the intruding particle up a corkscrew path around the sides of the windpipe instead of straight up as one might expect.

The circular route apparently was developed to keep the particles from dropping back down again, as might easily happen if they went straight up the throat tube. The tiny hairs keep the water currents moving in one way for each individual cillum.

In a similar way, people who tried to climb a tall monument or tower by going straight up would find this tiny piece of hair from the dog or other oddities which it may be man's unhappy lot to inhale, promptly and unceremoniously are kicked "up and out."

It seems that when a man breathes his troubles begin. Nature has this out before there were any men, when she first put lungs into animals. Dust already was a nuisance at that early date, even without factories and fireplaces to contribute soot and smoke, and the first animals with lungs were threatened with extinction by choking to death. Nature soon straightened this trouble out by supplying these animals' throats with a lot of tiny hair-like whirling whips to drive the intruding dust particles out. Like an old-fashioned driver's whip which helped to speed the nag along, these cilia make a fast stroke forward and a slower stroke coming back as they sweep the intruding dust.

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Many other sea creatures use the hair-like cilia to help get their food. Clams, oysters and other mollusks have fringes of these waving whip-lashes just outside their shells. The tiny hairs keep the water currents moving through the partly opened shell, thus giving the shell's occupant a constant supply of fresh food and oxygen, both of which it gets from the water.

Is Your Darling Daughter Ever Too Old to Be Spanked?

Painfully Embarrassing at Times, Maybe, to Turn Her Over Your Knee But Even Better for Her Soul Nowadays Than in the Past, Says Prof. Laird, Psychologist

Principal Grant Scates, of the Alfordville, Indiana, High School, Who Believes That if You Spare the Rod You Spoil the Child.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D.,
Soc. Director, Colgate University
Psychological Laboratory,
Hamilton, N. Y.

IN Washington, Indiana, the other day a jury that had listened for a week to testimony, deliberated 35 minutes and concluded that Marietta Ginder, 17-year-old high school senior, was not too old to be spanked. The jury automatically exonerated Mr. Grant Scates, principal of the Alfordville, Indiana, high school who had paddled naughty Marietta publicly in her class room.

Some of the witnesses testified that Principal Scates had caught hold of the girl's arm and had administered a number of whacking blows with a paddle which every time landed where naughty little girls are usually spanked. Among the exhibits placed in evidence was the official paddle, which was broken in several pieces.

The principal testified that the reason for the spanking was that Marietta was headstrong, disobedient and full of notions that were not conducive to keeping the best of order in class. Marietta, at the time the spanking was decided upon, was alleged to have been standing in front of a typing practice class with another girl, Bernadette Frye, their arms locked about each other and away as if ready to begin the slug.

The testimony indicated that Marietta had been warned several times against being so playful in the assembly room. It was also testified that she put up no resistance, but that she cried out several times during the spanking and that she was not only embarrassed by the punishment but had to go home, go to bed and have a doctor called.

The jury, made up wholly of men, included five or six teachers or former teachers who well understood the problems of high school officials. It was reported after the verdict that the jury believed Mr. Scates had been a little severe, but that he had the right to punish the girl for her misbehavior.

A similar case stirred excitement in Knoxville, Tennessee, at the last opening of school in that town when Charlie Johns, a twenty-three-year-old mountaineer, complained that the schoolmaster had spanked. Eugene Winstead Johns, Charlie's child bride. This was even more unusual than the Ginder case, because the school teacher not only paddled a pupil, but also another man's wife.

Nothing was done about Charlie's complaint, however, since the teacher insisted that he had a right to paddle another man's wife if the husband sent her to school to him and she misbehaved.

There have been other cases not unlike these in many other towns, and naturally they have had the effect of puzzling parents of children, fairly grown up, who would if younger be spanked for disobedience or other bad conduct. But, some parents ask, "who are considered too big or old to be spanked?" On the other hand, shall we paddle our children regardless of their age? Possibly the correct answer is that this is a matter of individuality and that usually a naughty child is never too old to be spanked.

Out in Chicago Heights, Illinois, the neighbors of Mrs. Richard R. Spencer are particularly interested in the spanking question, because Mrs. Spencer, who is a lawyer as well as a mother, has maintained for some years that children, especially girls, should be allowed "to do as they darn please" so as to read their minds of fears and inhibitions. Mrs. Spencer believes if they are allowed to do exactly what they want to do, it will turn out much better than if you told them what is right or wrong to do. When her two charming little girls did not want to go to school, that was all right with their mother, and she fought it in the courts so that her darling daughters could have their way. And when her most attractive Mary Belle attended her first party and socked another girl on the jaw, that was another evidence of the freedom she was enjoying.

But after sixteen years of believing her children should be raised without



Mary Belle Spencer, the "Do-as-you-darn-please" Daughter of the Chicago Woman Attorney. Her Mother's Theories That a Child Should Never Be Punished Were Upset by Mary Belle's Notorious Bowsdowns and Elongation When Only Sixteen.

any inhibitions and suppressions, Mother Spencer quickly made an about face.

The hollow-eyed mother put up with her daughters' bare feet, fights, after-midnight horse-racing without a saddle and clad only in shorts and skimpy brassieres. But at last she drew the line and tried to interfere with the freedom of her children. And all because beauty-contest winning Mary Belle, the older daughter, took it into her sixteen-year-old head to run away to Laporte, Indiana, and get married to J. Edward Wright, a 200-pound young Apollo.

Believing that Mary Belle was too inexperienced for domestic responsibilities, Mrs. Spencer tried to have the marriage annulled in Laporte and, failing there, she filed suit in Chicago. Later she apparently relented and decided not to bring the suit to trial.

Most of these advanced notions that the would-be intellectuals get about raising children turn out pretty much the same way. Sooner or later the parents realize that there was something sound about the old-fashioned ideas of controlling and educating children, but often it is too late to undo all the harm by the time the parents finally come to their senses.

There has been almost a vogue in late years for persons with a smattering knowledge of psychology and psychoanalysis to believe that the only way to develop genius and mental health was by giving their children practically complete freedom. What they have harvested has not been geniuses, but a crop of selfish, wilful, spoiled children, with a surprising number of nervous breakdowns thrown in for good measure.

Contrast the notions of the amateur child psychologists with the wisdom of a successful specialist in the tricks of the human mind—Dr. W. S. Sadler, also from Chicago. "My advice to parents with constitutionally nervous children," he says, "is to use discipline and get obedience early in the child's career, not hesitating to resort to the rod if that is necessary."

And from the St. Lawrence State Hospital in New York State, Dr. Harold H. Berman comments:

There may be a tendency on the part of parents to become over-indulgent, over-solicitous and over-anxious and this may be reflected in the child's personality. He may develop a dependency on others, expecting that they will constantly yield to his demands as his parents have done. Thus he may become domineering and may find difficulty in adjusting to a social group because of his over-aggressiveness and selfishness. These traits, if allowed to run their course, may be carried over to adult life.

It is a paradox that parents who spoil their children by giving them practically complete freedom, and make selfish grown-ups out of the children, do so very apologetically because the parents themselves are selfish. This works out in several interesting ways.

Dr. Carl Ramus, of the U. S. Public Health Service, says, for instance:

"As a rule nearly all parents have failed in their dearest desires and ambitions. More or less unconsciously they seek to live over again in their children their own lives, but this time realizing their dreams which never came true. This tendency in parents has been well named projection—the projection of one's thwarted hopes and plans into one's new and vital body, one's double, almost one's reincarnation."

Along the same line, Northwestern University's Dr. John J. B. Morgan says:

"Many parents look upon their children as a means of achieving their

Testimony Was Conflicting and It Was Not Revealed Exactly How Many Whacks Prof. Scates Had Administered, but the Jury Considered Not the Number of Blows, but the Question Whether a Good Old-Fashioned Spanking, Such as Mothers Used to Inflict With a Hair-Brush, Was a Proper Form of Modern Punishment, and the Question Was Answered by the Dismissal of the Charges.

own thwarted ambitions. This secret ambition may permeate their whole attitude toward a child from his earliest infancy." Now we can understand why so many parents, trying to be "up-to-date," "progressive" or "scientific" in handling their children, give the child too much freedom to be good for him in the long run. Parents do this because their own childhood memories are highly tinged with unpleasant discipline and they want to relieve a happy childhood if it is ever possible in the unrestrained lives of their own children.

Or parents develop "advanced" notions about letting the sky be the limit, hoping that their children will develop into more intelligent and more successful persons than their parents so the parent can bask in glory reflected from the child.

Their boys and girls are pampered pets because the parents wish they had been treated that way themselves. Then there is a considerable number of these advanced parents who are so wishy-washy at heart they are afraid to control the children lest the children may dislike their father and mother. So they let their youngsters set like boy and girl tramps to gain a soft-hearted liking, but likely not respect for the parents.

The father and mother of the same child, of course, do not always agree on how to take care of their little tyrant. And when there is this con-

Little Eunice Winstead Johns, Tennessee Child Bride, Whose Punishment in School Raised the Question Whether a Teacher Had the Right to Spank a Married Woman.

the youngster.

The history of education tells us that the theory of letting children do as they please always come and goes by cycles. It is unfortunate that at the other end of the cycle is usually a period of extremely severe, downright harsh treatment of children. This phase of cruelty to children brings on the wishy-washy handling of the next generation in this fashion.

Children raised during the cruel phase, when they are not only kept in check but are also severely punished, grow up full of resentment for their parents. They grow up to be good, hard-working, honest, law-abiding citizens, a credit to the way they were raised, but they are rankled by memories of the way they were treated. So, thirty years later, when they have children of their own, they go to the other extreme and let the immature children run the roost.

At present we are in a cycle where freedom—or neglect—is the popular fad in handling children. This is partly the result of the writings of Swiss Froebel, who started kindergarten, and of Italian Maria Montessori, who thought all education should be play.

Marietta Ginder, Attractive 17-Year-Old High School Senior, Who Had Professor Scates Arrested for Spanking Her, but the Jury Decided He Was Right, Despite Her Age.

fact, you can count on the one with the wider ideas being the noisier and scrappier, and having his or her say, to the misfortune of the youngster.

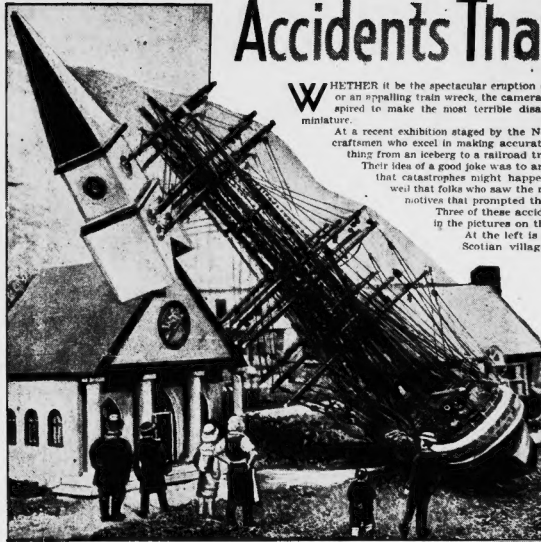
In our present cycle, Professor T. Earl Sullivan, who specialized in the scientific analysis of juvenile delinquency at the University of Indiana, observes:

"There is a general tendency for increased freedom and less social restraint on the behavior of the modern girl. As her social contacts increase, she is subjected more and more to temptations unknown to her female ancestors. As these social and moral dangers become more prevalent, delinquency will increase among girls and in time it may equal that of boys."

But when our soft-hearted cycle ends, then we may realize the wisdom of the San Diego judge who gave a woman brought before his court a suspended sentence, but on one condition. Perhaps it was something in the air, for this was just about the time of the excitement over the Ginder and Johns spankings. But, anyway, the stern judge suspended sentence on condition that the woman's husband give her a good spanking.

So, possibly a woman is never too old to profit from a sagaciously administered paddling.

Accidents That Never Happened



TIDAL WAVE—A Realistic Scene in Miniature, Done With Cleverly Made Models, Recently Shown in New York City.

WHETHER it be the spectacular eruption of a volcano, a destructive tidal wave or an appalling train wreck, the camera and the model maker's art have conspired to make the most terrible disasters a commonplace occurrence—in miniature.

At a recent exhibition staged by the New York Society of Model Engineers, craftsmen who excel in making accurate small scale reproductions of everything from an iceberg to a railroad train took an afternoon off to have fun. Their idea of a good joke was to arrange some of the exhibits in the way that catastrophes might happen in real life, and they succeeded so well that folks who saw the resulting pictures without knowing the motives that prompted them gulped and took another look.

Three of these accidents which never happened are shown in the pictures on this page.

At the left is a realistic scene of what a little Nova Scotian village looked like to the model engineers after a huge tidal wave had wrecked its damages. A full-rigged ship had been picked up by the angry sea, carried inland and hurled against the village church. Below is shown what happened when the officers of a miniature U. S. warship made an error in navigation and suddenly discovered themselves trapped in an Arctic ice flow. Had people been aboard the accurately built though diminutive battle wagon, they could have eaten their way right out of their difficulty, for the "ice" is finely spun sugar.

At the right is another calamity in the form of a train wreck. This occurred on a miniature trestle, plunging cars and locomotive into the gulch below.



TRAIN WRECK—But Nobody Was So Much as Scratched Because the Cars and the Trestle Are Little Models Made in Scale.

Homing Planes for Australia

SYDNEY, Australia.

OLD DOBBIN who used to draw the family buggy back in the days before the automobile and airplane came to supplant him, had a record for dependability which was envied by many an aviator until just the other day. The horse always knew his way home and would make for his own stall and waiting oats whether his driver was awake or asleep. Now with an automatic pilot in the cockpit, it is possible for the airplane to approximate Dobbin, to a degree.

The job of the new homing planes is to make automatic air surveys for Australia's proposed continental map.

Airplanes flying back and forth across the country will take photographs at regular intervals, later matched together to make the map.

The homing airplanes' job will be to fly these courses automatically, leaving the pilot free to work the photographic apparatus.

One item of the equipment is an

automatic gyroscope pilot, connected to a radio direction finder, able to pick up and follow radio beacons. The airplane will fly itself in straight lines or circles exactly as the machinery is set to do.

Even without having to worry about guiding his airplane, the pilot on an air mapping assignment has a complicated task. The series of photographs which are taken by his intricate aerial camera must overlap one another in a straight vertical line so that when several of these strips, each showing hundreds of square miles of terrain, are pasted together the resulting mosaic accurately shows the entire territory.

Should the pilot be so unfortunate as to encounter a heavy side wind, the "straight line" vertical strip photographs would be diagonal instead unless he took elaborate precautions to compensate for the drift.



Methuselah, the 300-year-old Galapagos Turtle, Is So Fond of Bananas That He Falls for Tricks Like the One the Boy Is Playing on Him. He Is One of the Prize Exhibits At the Liverpool Zoo and Has Ridden Hundreds of Youngsters on His Hard and Arching Back.



NAVAL DISASTER—The Newspapers Never Reported This Arctic Mishap Because the Ship Is a Model and the Ice Is Sugar.

A Live "Flivver" That Runs on Bananas

LIVERPOOL.

METHUSELAH, the 300-year-old Galapagos turtle, may be the oldest living thing in the Liverpool Zoo but he is still spry and active with nary a creak in his joints. Without the benefit of streamlining or any of those newfangled gadgets which have been invented during the past hundred years, he recently averaged 100 yards to a banana, thereby setting somewhat of a fuel conservation record for other ambitious turtles to shoot at.

Methuselah is a favorite with young visitors to the Zoo. He is probably also the original self starter as the children, who gleefully ride upon his hoary back have long since discovered. The veteran "perambulating flivver" needs neither cranking up nor priming. All one has to do to start him locomoting on all fours is to dangle a tasty banana in front of his head and he's off.

Of course he doesn't get very far. Formerly he would amble along for 50 or 75 yards and if the banana was still beyond his reach, he would simply squat and sulk, somewhat like a flivver that had run out of gasoline. That meant that

the driver would have to feed him the banana which is his favorite food, and then supply another one for the string before the interrupted journey could be continued. Keepers were very much surprised therefore when Methuselah recently went a whole hundred yards without having to have his fuel replenished.

In the Galapagos Islands where the giant turtle formerly lived, his relative got along without the banana fuel, a flair for which Methuselah picked up somewhere

in his travels. The great naturalist Darwin had a much simpler method of getting them started.

"I frequently got on their backs and then, upon giving a few raps on the hinder part of the shell they would rise up and walk away, but I found it very hard to keep my balance," he observed.

Probably civilization has spoiled Methuselah, and the hundred-yard record of which he is so proud would be snuffed at by his far-off relatives for, as Darwin reported: "The tortoises which frequent the lower districts, when thirsty are obliged to travel for a long distance."

Methuselah isn't "obliged" to travel more than a few yards for his food and water. He apparently feels there that in carrying passengers short distances around the Zoo ground, he is displaying considerable good nature.

While he has been leading a life of comparative luxury with all the bananas he can eat, his less fortunate relatives in the Galapagos are being hunted unceasingly, for turtle soup and tortoise shell are much in demand.

Wears Her Dead Pet on Her Hat

LONDON.

AT first glance people who look at Mrs. Nancy Peters' hat, as she strolls along the streets of Clifton, England, would get the impression that she was taking her canary out for an airing. Only a closer inspection would convince them that the bird wasn't expertly perched on her hat but enjoying the experience. It isn't a live canary, but a former household pet which has been most realistically stuffed by a local taxidermist and mounted by a milliner.

In life, Toto was a singer of no mean accomplishment as canaries go, and was the particular pet of Mrs. Peters. When the bird died several weeks ago, her owner was heart-

broken. At the same time she was a most practical woman. "Instead of burying Toto in the ground, I'll wear him on my hat," she said tearfully. "Besides that, bird ornaments are coming in again this year anyway."

To neighbors who say she has an unusual way of grieving for Toto she has a ready answer. "I'd rather wear him on my hat and have him with me," she says, "than wear some poor bird killed just to satisfy a whim of fashion."



Mrs. Nancy Peters With the Hat Decorated by the Stuffed Body of Her Pet (canary).

A Junk Pile Scooter That Goes 70 Miles an Hour

ANYONE wondering whether Ed Hall is driving an airplane, a motorcycle or an automobile, as he zooms whizzing along the roads near his home town of Phoenix, Arizona, would be right on all three counts.

As may be seen in the photograph below, Ed made ingenious use of all three, and the result is a different type of

vehicles when he constructed his unusual but very efficient three-wheeled scooter. The rear end is a motorcycle motor and wheel, which gives him a speed on the road of 70 miles an hour. The chassis frame, which is bent inward at the rear to allow for bolting to the tapering rear end, is the steel frame from a light automobile. The driving compartment, seat and all, was retrieved from an old airplane, while the front and steering wheels are also from a small automobile.

Motorists may chuckle at Ed's queer-looking contraption when they see it parked on a street in town. But they when he breaks by them on the open road. He has a minimum of trouble with road bugs, too, for the scooter has a high degree of mobility and gets through narrow gaps in traffic which would spell disaster for anyone attempting to duplicate the feat with a four-wheeled vehicle.

The three-on-one scooter may look like a junk pile, but it manages to keep moving. Hall says the three-wheeled oddity "didn't need much" because the small motorcycle engine uses so little gasoline.



Ed Hall, of Phoenix, Arizona, at the Wheel of His Ingenious Scooter Which Was Made of Parts of an Automobile, a Motorcycle and an Airplane. Freaky Looking, the Hybrid Machine Is the Fastest Thing in Town.

Why People Feel Pain in Arms and Legs They've Lost

PARIS.

FOR a long time physicians and students of medical science have been puzzled by a phenomenon common to many people who have had a leg or an arm amputated. A great many of these surgical cases occasionally "feel" pain in the missing limb for years afterward. The accepted explanation was that this sensation was caused by the nerve ends cut off when the limb was amputated and the remaining nerve fibers were pressed or stretched, causing unpleasant stimuli to travel to the brain.

Now Dr. R. Molinry, a prominent French physician, after a great deal of research on the subject, has advanced a new theory. He believes that dreams keep alive in the subconscious mind the picture of a complete body.

The same subconscious mind is chiefly responsible for pain. Accordingly it puts together its dream memories of a complete body and any sensations occasionally received over the cut nerve fibers to make what seems like a pain or other sensation in a part of the body now purely imaginary.

In one case investigated by Dr. Mol-

inry a man who had lost his arm not only continued to feel his vanished thumb, but felt as though it were being thrust through the palm of the hand, like a spike. In another, a woman who had had her leg amputated many years previously continued to feel pain in the infected foot which had originally made the operation necessary.

Cases such as these, according to Dr. Molinry, should be treated mentally, rather than physically, as has been the practice up to the time when recently he explained his theory to the Society of Medicine of Paris.

Lady Londonderry's Fashion-Setting Tattooed Legs

Nobody Suspected She Had Pictures On Her Shins Until the Day She Wore Transparent Stockings; Then the Social Leaders Rushed to London's Lone Needle Artist to Get in Style—But the Vogue Is Hardly New

THE Tattooed Legs of Lady Londonderry as They Were Revealed Through the Sheer Stockings She Wore to a Committee Meeting at the War Office in London.

LONDON, July 8. THE stately Marchioness of Londonderry, who says she is "almost sixty" and is certainly not as gay as she used to be, surprised a lot of staid and stolid English people the other day by starting a new fad for being tattooed, which is now spreading through fashionable Mayfair like wild-fire. But no one was more surprised by this than conservative Lady Londonderry herself, for she really didn't mean to do it.

All she did was attend a committee meeting at the War Office wearing transparent stockings in public for the first time in her life—but that was enough. Her thin hose revealed what had previously been concealed for nearly forty years, tattooed on her right leg, a rampant British lion, appropriately done in rose pink, and on the other, a baby blue coat of arms and a star, just above a strikingly life-like green garter-snake, wriggling down toward the ankle.

Several ladies in the committee room blinked when the Marchioness sat down and somebody, who was reasonably well acquainted with her, leaned over and said:

"Oh, I say, Lady Edith, where on earth did you get those perfectly stunning new stockings, with such quaint embroidery on them?"

"There's nothing new about them, they aren't stunning and what you are staring at isn't embroidery on my stockings, but tattooing on my limbs," replied Lady Londonderry, with customary dignity, as she peeled off her gloves. "Now that that settled, let's get down to England's business."

But it wasn't settled, not by any means, as could plainly be seen by the astonished faces all around her. Furthermore, after her startling disclosure, all the other ladies found it more difficult than usual to get down to England's business, which consisted that day of a preliminary discussion of women's units to carry on auxiliary work if war should break out.

Yet who could blame those reactions for being tentative and preoccupied? Wife of a former Air Minister and daughter of the first Viscount Chaplin, Lady Londonderry is one of England's most celebrated "political hostesses" and momentous questions of imperial policy are often decided around her dinner table. So anything she does is correct, of course, and can safely be taken up by anyone who wants to be in vogue.

That being the case, and considering what those ladies now had to tell, it's no wonder they were eager to escape from that committee and rush to the nearest telephone. And tell it they did, with every bit as much gusto as small-town housewives gossiping over the back fence.

What they didn't tell, because they were in such a hurry they didn't wait to find out about it, was that Lady Londonderry had those "quaint" designs tattooed on her legs, or limbs, quite a while ago—in fact, toward the end of that somewhat audacious though scarcely naughty decade which has gone down in history as the Gay Nineties.

So they assumed, as did everyone else upon first hearing the "priceless" news, that she had just had it done a few days before, no doubt, and that it

In Recent Months the Art of Tattoo Has Been Revived in American Beauty Shops in Attempts to Provide Permanently Rouged Lips but in Many Cases This Has Proved Painful As Well As Unsatisfactory.

was "the very latest thing." Naturally enough, that was all that was needed to start a new fad for skin pictures and right away dozens of social leaders and scores of social climbers went scurrying all over London in search of a tattoo artist who could make them stylish, too.

When Lady Londonderry heard about all the commotion she had unintentionally stirred up she just sniffed and said:

"Humph! I don't see why they're getting so excited. I had it done on my honeymoon—way back in 1905. She did not disclose, however, just what inspired her to have it done, nor what—if anything—was the significance of the green garter-snake."

Another point that has not been satisfactorily explained is why she let out her secret after all those years by wearing sheer hose to the War Office meeting. Had she simply grown weary of wearing heavy stockings—thick silk stockings, ribbed cotton stockings, or perhaps sturdy stockings made of stout British wool?

When this question was asked, some of her closest friends were somewhat disconcerted because they couldn't recall what sort of stockings Lady Londonderry had been in the habit of wearing. They hadn't noticed, or given the matter only thought. All they knew was that they had no recollection of ever having seen her before in such thin ones. So perhaps she just decided that it was high time for her to follow the trend by wearing sheer hose.

Or could it be that some nostalgic feeling for the Gay Nineties took possession of the stately Marchioness all of a sudden one fine morning and made her seek to recapture the glamour of those days by deliberately revealing at last one of the little caprices of her youth? No one knows for sure, but Lady Londonderry has had nothing to say about that.

One report, and perhaps the most plausible explanation even though it hasn't been verified, is that the unexpected revelation was entirely accidental—the fault of a careless laundress, who got somebody else's stockings mixed up with those of Lady Londonderry. Dressing in a great hurry that morning, she put on the stockings, who got somebody else's stockings mixed up with those of Lady Londonderry. Dressing in a great hurry that morning, she put on the stockings, who got somebody else's stockings mixed up with those of Lady Londonderry.

In that case, the careless laundress should be given credit for starting the new fad, or reviving an old one, among the smart women who live in that

fashionable part of London known as Mayfair and "Professor" George Burdett should feel mighty grateful toward her, for he has certainly made a good thing out of it.

In the Limehouse district, down around the waterfront, there are doubtless a number of grumpy tattoo "patrons" that cater to sailors, but fashionable ladies, even in their eagerness to be in style, couldn't very well go traipsing around such a disreputable part of town—and it just happened that Professor Burdett was the only tattooist left in a reasonably respectable neighborhood who was capable of turning out the kind of artistic designs these smart ladies wanted.

As present Professor Burdett is one of the busiest men in London and some of the ladies who visit his studio near the Waterloo railroad station have names and titles that could be found in Burke's Peerage. But a man in Professor Burdett's position must be discreet and nothing could induce him to reveal the identity of his noble clients, or patrons, or whatever it is that a tattooist calls his customers.

However, he did tell about one prominent society woman, without mentioning her name, who came to him recently after a serious operation and had

him tattoo a cluster of wasps around the neck. Her reason, she said, was that on coming out from under the anesthetic her first thought was that wasps were stinging her and she wanted to keep a record of that peculiar notion right where she had felt the distressing sensation. Besides, before she had the spot adorned with wasps, it wasn't a particularly pretty scar.

If tradition means anything, there is no reason for any noble individual—or royal one, for that matter—with a yearning for his ancient form of personal adornment to feel that it is beneath his dignity. The late King George V is said to have given the custom his enthusiastic approval when he was the young Duke of York and visited Japan as a midshipman on Her Majesty's battleship, *Beaumont*. On his return, according to well-authenticated reports, when he proudly displayed a splendid red and blue dragon tattooed on one arm, his royal grandmother, Queen Victoria, was as mad as a hornet and nearly had a compulsion fit.

But at that, the young Duke was merely following the example set over a thousand years ago by Saxon royalty who made a practice of having themselves tattooed. According to one account, King Harold of the Saxons had

The Late King George of England is Said to Have Brought Bitter Criticism Upon Himself When a Young Man By Having This Dragon Design Tattooed on His Body During a Recent Visit to the Orient.

In America the Tattoo Vogue Was Revived a Few Years Ago and Such Artists As Shown Here Were Kept Busy Decorating Ankles and Thighs of Smart Fads, but the Style Died Out.

Tattooing in the Near East Has No Part in Setting Style but Is Used to Identify Armenian Slaves Who Have Been Sold Into Slavery and Permanently Marked, As This Photograph Shows, by Their Owners.

the features of his Queen, "Edith the Swan-Necked," tattooed on his chest and except for that token of devotion his lifeless body would never have been identified after he was defeated on the field of Senlac by William the Conqueror.

London's present excitement over tattooing may be amusing to Americans, but a few years ago the fad was revived in the United States and before it died out quite a lot of women had various parts of their attractive anatomy decorated with all sorts of odd designs, such as lizards, dragons and butterflies. More recently an effort was made in American beauty shops to give women's lips a permanent rouge with the tattoo needle, but this has not proved as successful as some people thought it would be—although it is "kissproof."

Nowadays tattoo designs are drilled into the skin with an electric machine—a method that is much quicker and less painful than when it was done by hand. The contrivance causes a needle tipped with colored ink to jump up

and down, rapidly puncturing the skin. When the design has been sketched out with a needle on the skin, it is filled in with a cluster of needles operated in the same manner. In this way the modern tattoo artist can do in an hour what used to take two or three weeks.

The practice apparently originated in prehistoric times, when it was concerned with various religious beliefs and superstitions, as it still is today among certain primitive races. Since seafaring men have always been a superstitious lot, the first white sailors who explored the Orient and the South Sea Islands were naturally attracted to the custom and brought it back to Europe and America. According to one old sea legend, nothing is such a safe charm against drowning as a pig's foot tattooed on the left mallet but just why, no one seems to know.

One old sea captain came back from a long voyage with a marvelous tale of touching at an island where the natives were "read in skin-tight garments of exquisite lace-work," but he evidently didn't linger long at that island because what he saw and failed to recognize was merely tattooing which covered the bodies of those natives practically from head to foot.

In Armenia, slave girls are often tattooed on the chest with the names of their owners, but this is not intended as adornment and has nothing to do with religion or superstition. It is merely a practical means of keeping track of them. Like branding cattle out West, Armenian women frequently have odd designs worked out on their forearms in the belief that such charms help them "catch" their men, having discovered a long time ago, no doubt, that either plain or fancifully decorated, the tongue is a woman's best weapon. A somewhat similar custom was once practiced in the Hawaiian Islands, particularly by the natives, who would whip the slaves to considerable pain in order to have their dead husbands' names tattooed on their forearms. What started this pretty and touching little custom is not known, but perhaps the women first did it out of remorse, for they themselves bore as they realized they had "talked their husbands to death."

During the thirty-five years that Professor Burdett has been practicing his art in London, he has had many curious customers. One was a bald-headed man who was a great admirer of King George V, that he had the King's image tattooed on the top of his hairless pate, so he could display his loyalty by sitting in the front row at the theatre. Another was a wealthy old miser who had his last will and testament, about 400 words, tattooed between his shoulder blades and who returned to have it altered every time he got in a row with his heirs.

One woman had her legs covered with caterpillars—but wouldn't tell why. But perhaps Burdett's most peculiar job was when a farmer came in with a prized sow and had her pedicapped with colored ink to jump up



Philip A. de Lazlo's Painting of the Gay Marchioness of Londonderry. The Inset in the Upper Right Corner Shows the Tattooist's Version of the Peeress' Family Crest Which Decorates Her Left Leg.



Science Finds the First City of the Bible's Armageddon

The Long-Sought Site Was Passed Over Exactly a Century Ago, But Archeologists Have Just Uncovered the Original Ruins Where Scripture Predicts the Four Horsemen and Angels Will Wage the Final Conflict Between Good and Evil



Human Figure in Ivory Found by Excavators Several Strata Above the Original City.

WHEN St. John prophesied the end of the world in the Book of Revelation he named as the place for the final battle between the forces of good and evil the plains of Armageddon in Palestine. It was a likely place, there, great armies of the ancient world had fought and littered the fields with dead soldiers from the triumph of the Egyptian Pharaohs and St. John's prophecy was therefore founded on fact, although he could not have known that it would be borne out in modern times with the routing of the Turks by General Allenby, in command of the British forces during the World War.

Armageddon means "Plain of Megiddo," but so completely did the nearby city of Megiddo disappear that Prof. Edward Robinson, the distinguished Bible scholar, working one hundred years ago, said that he could find no sign of a city ever existing on the site the Bible refers to. Now, after years of research, members of the Oriental Institute of Chicago University have at last uncovered the foundations of the city of Megiddo. They have been able to fix the date of its building at about 3,000 B. C. and have settled the historic controversy regarding the site of the city itself.

They had to dig through the remains of nineteen cities before they found the twenty-first foundation on which the original Megiddo had been built.

Their excavations were made on the same mound that Prof. Robinson had seen—the mound of Tell el-Mustelim. It is a large raised plateau covering 13 acres and it guards the important pass through the Carmel ridge to the Tigris and Euphrates valleys from Egypt. It was a natural battleground for the armies of Egypt to fight those of Asia. The greatest battle in ancient times was in 1479 B. C., when Pharaoh Thutmose III, of Egypt defeated the Asiatic allies. All Syria and Palestine met to try to conquer the "son of Ra." There was the city of Megiddo, whose realm extended over the Samarian mountains to the hills of Galilee. There was the King of Kadesh-on-the-Orontes, who ruled the great Syrian valley between the Lebanon ranges and Syrian valley and also 300 minor leaders, mostly village chieftains.

When Thutmose heard of the rebellion, he gathered his army and marched swiftly over the Plains of Sharon through the wilderness of Sinai. By a surprise movement he rushed his troops through the narrow pass at Megiddo.

This same strategy was used by Allenby in 1918 when he surprised the Turks, who must have been unfamiliar with the lesson of history. Although long associated with battle, Megiddo, during the times of peace, flourished. The King of Megiddo lived in a magnificent palace which was taken over by the Pharaoh for his governor after the battle. The many rooms have lately been uncovered and reveal a richness and luxury unusual for those times. The various royal chambers were grouped around a central court, paved with limestone painted in brilliant colors. An anteroom in which a visitor had to wash before entering the court from the street was paved with sea shells and the basalt wash basin drained directly into the floor below.

The ruling princes lived in splendor, hoard-

"And I saw, and behold a white horse... And there went out another horse that was red... And I beheld, and lo a black horse... And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—Revelation, Chapter VI, Verses 2 to 8. From the Drawing by Albrecht Dürer.



Carved Ivory Head from a Room in the Palace Located on the Site. Several Years Ago, Dating 15 Centuries Before Christ.



View of the Excavations of the Megiddo Excavation, Showing Native Workers Carefully "Peeling" Layer After Layer from the Armageddon Site.

ing magnificent objects of gold, amber, ivory and lapis lazuli, which were buried beneath the floor of a side room in the palace. The collection of gold jewelry and ivory is the finest yet discovered in Palestine.

But going even further the archeologists systematically explored level after level until they found remains which dated 500 years before the building of the palace. They found the ruins of an enormous public building with plastered walls of stone and mud brick, and floors of lined cobblestones which date from the end of the Early Bronze Age.

Even King Solomon knew Megiddo. Inscriptions have been uncovered to show that he was more widely known in Megiddo for his horses than for his wives. He built huge stables there for quartering the thoroughbreds which he had traded between Europe and Asia. Some of the buildings could have sheltered 300 horses at a time.

Archeologists have been puzzled as to how water could be supplied to many of the ancient cities. Megiddo had a spectacular water system probably built by the pre-Hebraic Canaanite kings who ruled Palestine 3,500 years ago. It is the most extensive engineering project of its age yet found and was unrivaled for many centuries. A shaft was sunk 120 feet into the ground into solid rock and a horizontal tunnel 185 feet long was at its base. This brought plenty of water to the city and kept some in reserve during the many sieges to which the people of Megiddo were subjected.

But most interesting of all is the symbolic meaning of the word "Armageddon," as St. John uses it. As it typified the very idea of battle to the Israelites it would naturally be the place where they supposed the "Last Judgment" would take place. They believed that all the survivors of the human race would literally be brought together at Armageddon for a last battle which would wipe man out from the face of the earth. It is of course, hard to believe that all remaining Americans would have

to travel so far to settle their affairs.

St. John's description of the battle reads like an eye-witness account, as though he were actually present when the big fight took place. He did this for a very good reason: to make the Last Judgment so real to his listeners that they would repent, so that being amongst the "faithful" they would be saved from the "Four Horsemen" of the "Apocalypse"—War, Pestilence, Death and Famine.

In his vision the prophet announced that seven angels would "pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." And as each angel poured out his vial there would come plague, blood, scorching heat from the sun, then darkness, thunder and lightning.

To the early Christians this final overthrowing of the powers of evil was close at hand. But St. John's symbols were probably taken too literally by them. They could not have seen, its partial fulfillment 2,000 years later, nor could they have known as much about the history of the place as we know today.

By careful research the archeologists have substantiated many of the old Bible stories linked with Armageddon. One of the most tragic and dramatic events in the Bible has lately been given new credence, the description in Judges of the battle of the kings of Canaan in Taanach, "by the waters of Megiddo."

It was on this occasion that Jael, the wife of a patriotic Hebrew, enticed Sisera, the general of the King of Canaan, into her tent and drove a nail through his head while he slept. This exploit is celebrated in the song of Deborah, the prophetess, which shows Jael as a merciless character, a ruthless and determined woman, and contains the oft-quoted phrase: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."



"And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth."—Revelation, Chapter XVI, Verse 1. A Fifteenth Century Painting by an Unknown Netherlands Artist, Who Placed the Angels on Mount Tabor Which Dominates the Plain of Armageddon.



"Sounding Trench" By Means of Which the "Bed-Rock" City Was Located.

After Sisera was killed, his soldiers abandoned nine hundred chariots in their flight and it is hoped that the American explorers will discover some of them.

Much of the strategy of modern armies can be traced back to the battles at Armageddon. The Israelite leader, Gideon, fought the Canaanite tribe of Midianites with an unusual ruse. He told his three hundred men each to carry a trumpet and a pitcher. In the night they blew the trumpets and broke the pitchers, and the Midianites, thinking there was a great army, fled. This same trick was tried recently in New Guinea when a tribe of savage warriors hijacked a cargo of musical instruments and captured a village by tooting saxophones and clarinets and scaring the natives out of their wits.

Armageddon also saw the tragic death of Saul, the first King of the Israelites. Being hard-pressed by the Philistines, Saul fled, rather than submit to capture by the heathens, fell on his sword and killed himself.

Another battle was during the reign of Josiah, who suppressed the worship of Baal and Moloch and destroyed their images and restored temple worship. In later years Josiah's policy was reversed and the Israelites lost their independence and were driven to Babylon. Notwithstanding these facts, the Bible says the Lord was so angered with the Israel-

ites that he caused their defeat and Josiah's death.

The conflict between Ahab, the idolatrous King of Israel, who worshipped the gods of his heathen wife, Jezebel, and the great prophet Elijah, is supposed to have occurred at Armageddon. Ahab had killed Naboth, one of his subjects, in order to seize his vineyards.

Elijah, who lived in the desert, suddenly appeared before Ahab in the ill-fated vineyard and denounced the King for seizure of it. Elijah's followers slew not only most of the royal family, but also the priests of the Canaanite Baal.

King Ahab tried to escape death by dressing one of his followers as himself, but "a certain man drew a bow at a venture" and killed Ahab.

There is a good chance that archeologists will recover some of the weapons used in these early battles. The Assyrians against whom Pharaoh Thutmose fought at Armageddon were clever in their construction of war machines. They used wheel towers protected with brass and hides, from which they could operate a battering ram to make a hole through the wall of the city of Megiddo. Similar towers carried the soldiers. They were the army tanks of those days and perhaps inspired army engineers.

Beneath the soil of the plains may also be found the remains of armies like that of King Sennacherib of Assyria, which was miraculously destroyed in one night in Palestine. The men may have been attacked by the bubonic plague, for the Bible says "that an angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and when they arose in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." Only the bubonic plague could have worked so quickly. Perhaps the excavations will throw more light on the subject.

A mournful chapter in the long and bloody history of Armageddon came when the Israelites marched through there after the final downfall of Jerusalem to captivity in Babylon. Men, women and children, lamenting the loss of their homes and their sacred city, struggled over the plains under the whip and spears of their brutal captors. It was Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, who took the greater part of the inhabitants of Jerusalem into captivity.

The discoveries made by the Oriental Institute are of absorbing interest to students of ancient history, not only because they bear out Bible accounts, but because they cast new light on living conditions 5,000 years ago. The expedition, headed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will probably continue its work for many years before they are content that they have exhausted the possibilities for research on this historic site.

Why People Disappear From Home

1,107,815 Persons Tried to Vanish Last Year and Over 275,000 Succeeded—And an Expert Analysis of Causes Reveals Many Surprising Facts About What Drove Them to Run Away



Judge Joseph Crater, of the New York Supreme Court, Whose Disappearance Eight Years Ago Has Become a Classic Case: He Is Shown Here With Mrs. Crater.

Ruth Baumgardner, Ohio Wesleyan University Coed, Whose Strange Disappearance From Her College Dormitory Two Years Ago Is One of the Foremost Mysteries of Vanished People.

"And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return." —Isaac Watts.

THINGS being what they are, it is the rare person who goes through life without indulging once or twice in the thought of dropping out of sight, wiping the slate clean, and starting in all over again, somewhere else. In most cases, it all begins and ends as wishful thinking. A big row clears the air, the dreamer becomes distracted by more important matters or just settles down and makes up his mind to put up with whatever it is that is causing his discontent.

However, enough people actually put this dream into practice to keep a lot of policemen and private detectives busy. Last year, for example, no less than 1,107,815 persons in the United States were reported missing to public or private agencies. These hardy souls, 702,461 males and 405,354 females, not only dreamt of changing their lives, they changed them.

Their stories should interest their fellow dreamers who stayed home. What was it that finally drove them to take the leap? Obviously they weren't contented or they wouldn't have done it. But there is a difference between being plain discontented and discontented enough to kick over the traces. A man may feel discontented because his wife leaves the cap off the toothpaste, but is that sufficient provocation for calling the whole thing off? Or a wife may feel likewise at finding her husband's clothes strewn on the floor regularly each morning. Were most of last year's fugitives fleeing from domestic discord, financial reverses, or boredom? And finally, what happened to them? Were they caught up with and brought back, did they come crawling home at last, or did a lot of them get away with it?

Mr. David M. Eisenberg, president of Skip Tracers Company, a name not without a certain poignancy of its own, specializes in answering such questions. It is his and his company's job to locate missing persons, in fact. Skip Tracers of New York is the only private organization in the country with this interesting specialty. No if the reader happens to be a prospective skipper, let him ponder Mr. Eisenberg's words, these especially: that of all the missing people last year almost half were located through the efforts of the police or private detectives, and about a quarter returned to their abode.

However, after digesting that, he can take some comfort from the reflection that the rest are still being looked for. But who were they and why did they disappear?

"Well," says Mr. Eisenberg, "more than half were flying from bill collectors and most of the others were acting in their capacities of husbands, wives, sons, daughters, heirs, stockholders, witnesses, and policyholders. Of the latter group missing husbands led the field. There were more than 130,000 husbands unaccounted for in 1937."

Mrs. Blythe Thompson Long, Wife of a Memphis Broker, Who Seven Years Ago Left a Bridge Party to Go Home and Feed Her Baby, Who Never Reached There, and Has Never Been Heard From Since.

The wolf on one side of the door and a nagging wife on the other are the two greatest causes of the disappearance of husbands. From all compiled records it seems that ten years is about as long as a husband can stand a nagging wife. His average age by that time is about forty. Usually he has a few dollars saved up and as soon as he realizes that he is fed up with his family life he does the vanishing trick. He probably schemed his flight some years previously but in his younger days lacked the money to pull it off. Sometimes, such schemes are well and soundly laid, completely airtight; as often as not, however, two important factors are likely to be left out of them. In the first place, unless the fugitive has a nest egg laid aside for his after support, he is going to be faced with the necessity of getting a job. But in getting a job—particularly today, with jobs as scarce as hen's teeth—a name and skill are pretty necessary. If the fleeing husband gives a name that can't be checked up on, that has no references attached, his chances of making a favorable impression on an employer are slim; likewise if he seeks work in some field foreign to the one in which he has gained his experience.

Mr. Eisenberg trades heavily on these two handicaps; they help to narrow the search. "The hardest cases," he says, "are those where the runaway changes his name and somehow manages to keep it changed. When that happens all we can hope is that he has followed the usual practice and adopted his own middle name or his mother's or wife's maiden name. But if he has

Anacleta Augustin, of Pittsburgh, Who Won a Beauty Prize, Went Out to Find Work and Never Came Back—and Her Grieving Mother Kept a Light Burning in the Window Every Night for Eight Years Until She Reluctantly Hired It Out, Thus Admitting That Hope Was Dead.

picked a brand-new one out of a hat—or for that matter, if his real name happens to be Jones, Brown, or Smith—to look for him is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

The fact that for many years twice as many men as women have disappeared can be explained economically. Most women are not able to earn their own living, they are used to the social protection of a home and family and feel lost without it; and finally, they rarely have money of their own with which to start a flight.

However, when women do disappear they usually stay disappeared, a truth which has found striking illustration in recent years.

One fall night, Mrs. Ella McDowell Rogers, an attractive young widow of Louisville, Ky., entertained a friend at dinner in her apartment. She had prepared the meal herself and there was no one in the apartment except her friend, Mr. Hal Harned, a banker of Dawson Springs, Ky., and herself. As a matter of fact, none of her other friends knew that she had returned from a visit to Chicago.

When the meal was over, a taxi was summoned to take Mr. Harned to the station. Just as it arrived all the lights in the apartment went out. Harned offered to stay and help his hostess find them but she said he might miss his train, adding that she would either call the janitor or go down cellar to the fuse-box herself. So the guest took his leave and Mrs. Rogers shut the door. That was ten years ago and no one has seen her since. Other tenants of the house said they had heard three blood-curdling screams at eight o'clock that night. However, they were all too proud to investigate and aside from their word on the matter and the fact that the fuse, governing Mrs. Rogers' lights, was found partly turned in its socket—indicating that she had not reached it—nothing was turned up that looked even like a clue, let alone a solution.

The disappearance of Mrs. Blythe Thompson Long, pretty young wife of F. Harry Long, a wealthy broker of Memphis, Tennessee, was equally baffling. On a Sunday afternoon in January, 1931, she left a bridge party at the house of one of her society friends with the announcement that it was time to go home and give her two-month-old first-born child his 3:40 feeding.

Three hours later, police found the car in which she had started out, alone, parked near the Tennessee end of the Harahan Bridge over the Mississippi River. In the car were Mrs. Long's hat, coat, cigarettes, and purse containing \$10.00, gloves, and \$7.50. No other traces of her have ever been found and, successfully, theories of suicide, murder, kidnapping, amnesia have been advanced and then abandoned because of contradictory evidence.

Disappearance, with its element of uncertainty, can at times cause even more suffering than death. Gray-haired Mrs. Marguerite Augustin, of Pittsburgh, can vouch for that. For eight weary years she kept the light of hope burning in her heart and another light, symbolizing the first, in the window of her home, praying that her beautiful daughter, Anacleta, would return.

At last, unable to stand the torture any longer, she extinguished the lights which had burned steadily day and night, both in her heart and in the window. Then she asked the Pittsburgh cop to declare Anacleta dead.

"She would have come back if she were alive," the mother sobbed. "Declaring her legally dead at least will ease some of the heartbreak of uncertainty."

So Anacleta was declared dead and soon afterwards Fate added a curious epilogue to her story. With no light in the window to welcome her, she returned home and then, as though just to prove that vanished women are never found, vanished again.

Then there was Ruth Baumgardner, who had all sorts of reasons to be content with her lot; none, apparently, to make her wish to change it. She was idolized by her well-to-do parents, young, pretty, a popular member of the senior class at Ohio Wesleyan, proud possessor of a stream-lined automobile—a graduation present—engaged to be married, and deeply interested in her studies. Yet, one night shortly before commencement a year ago, Ruth Baumgardner disappeared without a trace.

Many of Those Who Vanish From Home, Leave Not Only Economic Problems Behind Them, but Broken Hearts. Yet Hope for Their Return Seldom Dies. In Hundreds of Homes Lights Burn in the Windows While Mothers or Wives Pray and Fight Against the Despairing Thought of Never Seeing the Missing Ones Again.

packed an old suit case with a few toilet articles, slipped out of her college dormitory, and, leaving her car behind, disappeared into thin air where she has remained ever since.

Crime may or may not have figured in these cases, but even where it definitely does not women seem to be extraordinarily apt at vanishing. In his fifteen years of experience Mr. Eisenberg has located some 5,000 wandering husbands and only 12 erring wives.

While the average wife will go after a deserting husband like a shot, average husbands seem glad to let the matter drop. Even when they do start looking it usually isn't for sentimental reasons but only to get their wives to sign papers transferring property. Some wives are equally hard-boiled and only take up the trail in order to get a divorce or alimony.

"However," says Mr. Eisenberg, "in 90 per cent of the cases I've handled the women really or apparently are still in love with their absent husbands and, no matter how mad they are, still call them by their pet names. They are all jealous and cannot stand the idea that their husbands are perhaps living with other women."

The work of locating missing persons is not as complicated as it might seem. The regular procedure is chiefly the routine of checking up on available records of all kinds. The Skip Tracer Company, for instance, does very little shadowing or any of the other conventional detective work. Its principal aid is a large research department within its offices and correspondents in various cities all over the world. These correspondents track fugitives with the aid of local records, by name and occupation.

About 65 per cent of Mr. Eisenberg's

cases turn out successfully, from his point of view. This is the result not only of efficiency but also of a certain selectiveness; unless a case presents at least a fair chance of solution it is turned down. One wife had been conducting her own search for her husband for twenty-five years. Her husband's name was a common one and her technique was to write letters to as many people of that name as she could. Not only was this attempt signally unsuccessful but it also stirred up a lot of trouble. Wives who happened to see her letters immediately suspected their husbands of hiding a shifty past and wrote demanding further details.

Mr. Eisenberg turned down this case on the ground that the trail had been so obscured that it would be impossible to follow. Also, he did not see why he should expose his innocent investigators to the fury of some of the people she had written to.

"I told her I'd rather spend my spare time—if I had any—looking for Judge Crater."

Crater's case is, of course, the "cause celebre" of the disappearing business, a never-failing reservoir of hope to the down-trodden who think that they may rise and do likewise one of these days. As the dry eye was drawing to its close, this elusive member of the New York Supreme Court left a ray of hope, party, stepped into a taxi cab, waved good-bye to his companions and drove off into the unknown. Later investigation suggested that the step had been premeditated; that he had been driven to it by the difficulty of reconciling his sober daytime life with a much less sober night-time one. But that was as far as the investigation ever got.

Most likely he changed his name to Jones.

I like it
HOT!



*Don't argue
ladies...*

I like it
COLD!

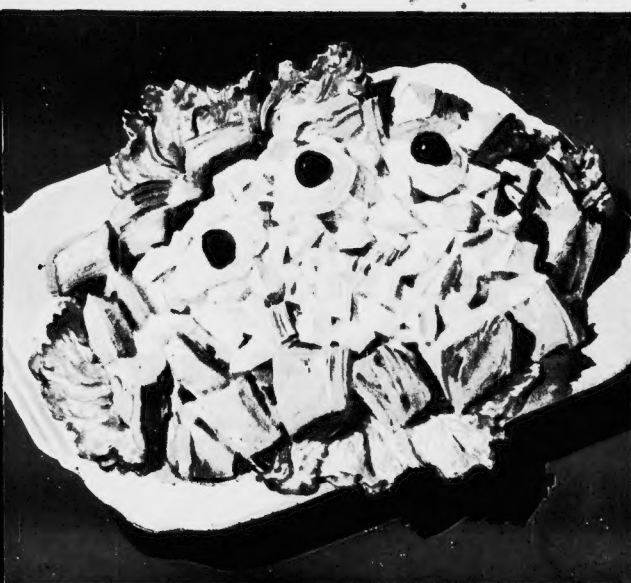


**IT'S DELICIOUS
BOTH WAYS!**



Tuna Shortcake

Bake a big biscuit shortcake. Put creamed tuna between layers, on top and around it. Garnish with pimientos and mushrooms, if desired.



Tuna Waldorf Salad

Cold chopped apple, celery and mayonnaise. Garnish salad with lettuce and minted grapes. Surround with chilled tuna.

... but there's never any argument about the superiority of this tuna!

Whether they cheer for *hot* tuna dishes or sing the praises of *cold* tuna recipes... everybody agrees that their favorite culinary creations reach the height of perfection *when they use this famous quality brand of tuna!* For this tuna brings you only the tender *light* meat... delicate and delicious, and containing Vitamins "A" and "D", and Iodine, that effective preventive of nutritional goiter.

There's never any "menu monotony" when you use this tuna... for there are *scores* of ways of preparing it... all different... all delicious... from canapés and cocktails to salads and entrees. Fortunately, it is the one food "delicacy" that costs you no more than "staple" foods. So, it is both *easy* and *economical* to serve tempting tuna dishes several times a week!

More of this quality tuna is sold than all other comparable brands combined! Once you have tried it, you'll appreciate why it has been *America's favorite for 26 years!* Order a supply... today!



look inside
40,183 BIG PRIZES
50,183 CHANCES TO WIN!

The names of the prizes winners will be published in the American Weekly.

40,183 MERCHANDISE and CASH PRIZES totaling \$58,000
including \$10,000 CAPITAL CASH PRIZES

5,000 Merchandise Prizes, each consisting of 6 cans of tuna, are to be given away every month for 8 months, beginning March 1938... just for writing "Three Little Words." A lot of fun... you can enter as often as you wish... and you may win several of the monthly prizes! In addition, every time you win one of these monthly Qualifying Awards, you have a chance to compete for the \$10,000 in Capital Cash Prizes. Here's how to get into this Contest. On the top of every can is a folder, giving full details and containing a blank to be filled in with your "Three Little Words"... or free upon request from Van Camp Sea Food Company, Inc., Terminal Island, California.

"Portals of Illusion" by H. Bedford-Jones



Romantic Moments in History When Destiny Hung on a Woman's Love for Jewels—a Series of Thrilling New Stories of Love and Mystery in Many Lands and Many Ages

WOMAN'S often fatal love for jewels has been sung by poets. And grave historians have told how this strange passion has sometimes changed the course of history. Jewels, too, seem to love women—far more than men. The American Weekly suggested to Mr. H. Bedford-Jones, following his successful "Empires of the Moon," that he write another brilliant series of short stories upon this affinity between supposedly lifeless gem and very vital woman.

"Portals of Illusion" is the result. The haunted gems into which she peers are the gates of vision for the sensitive Tamara, revealing to her memories—for some believe jewels possess memories—of their highest moments.

"Portals of Illusion" for Tamara—but were they illusion?

No. 8—A Gentleman Visits Ur

THE Jeweler was sitting at his bench before the window of his workshop, when Tamara appeared and stood beside him. He glanced up at her with smiling greeting, but she paid no heed. Her wide eyes were gripped upon the bench; one hand, raised to put back her misty golden hair, was checked at her brow. Her features, so delicately carved and expressive and sensitive, wore a startled look.

"Where on earth did you get that blue stone?" she said abruptly. "I don't like it!"

Accustomed as he was to her singular reaction to certain gems, the Jeweler could not conceal his astonishment at her words.

"Why, that's odd!" he rejoined. "Mrs. Chatterbox Lander, the wife of the Assyriologist and explorer, brought it to me for repair; this corner has been broken off, you see. Lapis is very soft and fragile, a tender, lovely jewel like yourself, my dear. And I've never seen a more beautiful piece than this."

"Lapis lazuli?" she murmured. "It's not a jewel. Didn't the Russian Czar have a room with lapis walls?"

The Jeweler smiled. "Not such lapis as this; really, this piece is unique. Lapis was the sapphire of the ancients; its color comes from three blue minerals, but the proportions always vary. Here's the deep blue of the sky, with tiny gold spots spangling it like stars—come, sit down and look at it. This piece deserves it."

Tamara seated herself and touched the piece of lapis.

"Yes, it's lovely," she agreed. "Just the same, it's awful awful! There's something about it I can't express. I wouldn't wear this stone for anything on earth! Is it very odd?"

The Jeweler nodded. "From some tomb in Chaldea, I understand. Lapis has been known and worked from the very earliest times, you know. This probably came from the ancient mines in Afghanistan. There's not a trace of matrix; the color is unusually pure and fine. Strange that it should repel you."

"Oh, it doesn't. It's not that at all. I'm just afraid of it, afraid!"

She picked up the little oblong slab of lapis lazuli, through which a hole, much worn, was bored at one end for suspension upon a cord. It was an extraordinary bit, indeed, not only for its color and rich soft patina, but for its workmanship.

"Whatever you may say," she went on musingly, "there's something evil and terrible about it. You've done a beautiful repair job; one would never know there had been a break. It's quite invisible."

The little slab was carved, not deeply, with an erect, tailed figure of some half-human monster of bygone ages, carved front and back, about the edges was carved a frame of diaper pattern. That was all. The work was



The Head of Queen Shub-ad of Ancient Ur, Whose Skeleton Was Discovered Some Years Ago in the Royal Tomb of the Ruined City—Reconstruction by the British Museum.

stretched endlessly in every direction. They were broken only by the rolling flood of a great river that poured down past the city walls, a city vast, far-spread under the sun, a city of sun-baked bricks and one-story buildings, but with high-towering walls. A city whose streets sparkled with water like the fields, and were green with huge trees. In this whole city there was only one building that rose above the general level.

"The temple is a mountain, a high mountain," someone said.

Absurd! No mountains here. Beyond the city walls, beyond the Euphrates River, all was flat as the palm of one's hand, over the horizon a flat, level plain, green and fertile beyond conception, running down to the sea. There was a raucous laugh, a man's laugh, hearty, virile, joyous and bawdy.

"That's a good one, a mountain! Ho! I'm a mountain chief, my man, and I know a mountain when I see one. None of your city tricks or I'll slit your throat!"

"But it is true, Lord Ningirur!" protested the first voice. "This is E-Khul, the House of Joy, the temple of the moon-god Sin. It is four stories high, and the road up—the stairway—winds around it, and the shrine is on the very top. In the old days before our ances-

"Torches flickered, white figures leaped and danced or gathered in ragged groups, and weird, unholy shapes seemed to mingle with them—Shub-ad and her women were at the worship of Lamashtu, the she-devil."

tors came down to these flat plains and conquered them, they lived in the far mountains, and the gods were always worshipped on the mountain peaks. Here is Ur, and in Lagash and the other cities we always build our temples this way, like the mountains of our fathers. That's why I say the temple is a high mountain."

"Hm! There's some sense to your explanation," grunted Ningirur. He was a huge, massively-built man, a head taller than the Sumerians around. His sunny golden hair and huge golden beard marked him out instantly among the half-million people in Ur; these city dwellers shaved their heads for coolness and other reasons.

More than this marked him out. He bore a swagger, an air of lordly magnificence that rejoiced the heart to see; if his eyes were proud, they were also merry; if his weapons and garments were a bit uncouth to Sumerian eyes, they were also glinting with gold and gems. People stared after him, murmuring that he must be the demigod Gilgamesh come to earth again.

His guide, a city artisan whom he had hired to show him the sights of Ur, caught his arm with an excited word.

"Careful, Lord Ningirur! Listen! Now you'll see a real sight; the queen's coming! Hear the music? Prostrate yourself when she passes; here did a place by this wall!"

Ningirur laughed. "The queen? I've heard of her, and no good either. Since the king died they say she's like an old bitch wolf seeking whom she may devour."

"For the love of the gods, mind your tongue!" exclaimed the scandalized artisan, as people drifted past, hurrying to get a place to see the queen. "You'd be torn apart between wild bulls if you were heard saying such things! Queen Shub-ad is great, beautiful, rich beyond any other ruler, and very wise."

"So they say; wise in magic and all sorts of deviltry," growled Ningirur, but took heed of the warning. "What a city! Not a stone house in it. Your people live in mud; build with mud, eat mud, drink mud!"

"Ah," retorted the artisan, "but remember that gold is as common with us as stone is with you mountain people."

Worship of the Moon-God at Ur, as Drawn by A. Forester, in the London Illustrated News, from Material Supplied by the Joint Expedition of the British Museum to Mesopotamia.

folk! There she comes, look, look! Who would think she's all of thirty-eight years old? She's like a young girl!"

They both fell to gazing at the approaching spectacle.

To the music of flutes and harps and singing voices, the queen's chariot was coming down the street toward the temple of the moon-god, the big leather-tired wheels making no sound. Musicians and singing girls went ahead; archers were around the chariot, two bearers holding an enormous umbrella above it; behind followed courtiers, men and women gorgeously attired. Ningirur nudged his companion.

"What's the big umbrella for? Can't she stand a bit of sun?"

The artisan grinned and pointed to the circling pigeons overhead.

Ningirur burst out in his raucous, full-throated laughter, and it drew every eye to him in shocked amazement. The artisan fell prostrate, like everyone else, but he, a splendid barbaric figure, merely saluted the chariot, touching the dust with his hand and rising erect.

The procession halted. The archers noched shafts; two of them started for him, but a word from the queen checked them. She called to him and he strode toward the chariot, saluted her again, and stood looking at her in frank admiration.

She seemed but a girl, indeed he could have sworn she was not yet twenty. She had the peculiar elusive, childish loveliness known in later ages as the beauty of the devil, eyes of innocence, and lips to make a love-very man sigh and stir to new life.

"Who are you, stranger," she asked, her dark eyes widening upon him. "That you do not salute the Queen of Ur?"

Ningirur's face warmed and kindled. "I saluted a beautiful woman, lady," said he. "Thanks be to the gods, I'll always do that! But I pay no homage to any king or queen, being as good as the best of them. I'm Ningirur, prince of the Ekiat people in the mountains, far to the northeast."

"Ningirur!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why, he is the patron god of Lagash!"

"So they told me when I was there," and his hearty laugh brayed out again. "They seemed all upset about it. Yes, to hail to clear out in a hurry, and lost most of my men there. You see, lady," he added cheerfully, "I made a vow to travel as far as the great sea, so I came down from the hills, followed the Tigris, and am now following the Euphrates to the sea and seeing the world as I go."

"You're close to the end of your journey," said she, with ominous words of double meaning. "It's death for anyone who does not salute the Queen of Ur!"

He looked her in the eyes and his brows drew down.

"Don't be silly, lady," said he. "Your archers might put a dozen arrows through me, but I'd still kill you before I died. And if you're merely joking, the jest has an illavor. You may think me a barbarian from the hills, well, in the hills I'm a prince and a gentleman, and I expect to be treated as such in Ur."

Shub-ad broke into a sudden laugh—a delicate

(Continued on Page 15)

Unhappy Adventures of

Mlle. Rahna, Famous Dancer of the Paris Op
of Life, Trials and Follies Behind the
Life in the French



Mlle. Rahna, As She Appeared At the Time When Her Jealous Understudy Tried to Ruin Her Attractive Face and Fronting Career by Putting Ground Glass in Her Face Cream.

By MADEMOISELLE MARCELLE RAHNA.
CHAPTER IV.

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(Concluded from Last Sunday)

PRACTICALLY everybody in the theatrical profession is temperamental and also jealous—and I suppose there is no other class of people who do as much squabbling and fighting, or who pull as many mean little underhanded tricks on each other. During my years on the stage I've been mixed up in some of these jealous rows myself and I've listened to a lot of first hand descriptions of others in which some of my friends or acquaintances were involved.

Perhaps the most temperamental artiste in Paris is Mistinguette, or "Miss" as we call her. This queen of the music-hall cannot bear to see the least composure in a comrade's countenance without attempting to ruffle it. She has left many a souvenir with her nails on the cheeks of showgirls.

During her reign at the Moulin Rouge, I remember the feud between her and a figurante named Luise. She engaged Earl Leslie to be her dancing partner, according him with imperial condescension the favors once bestowed on Maurice Chevalier and recently given to Carlos Machado.

Afraid of losing Leslie, yet loath to pay him a salary, so I heard, she loaned him 60,000 francs, coyly hinting she would like to possess a car of that price for a birthday present. He gallantly bought an auto with the money and gave it to his "benefactress," yet was obliged to dance two years for practically nothing to pay his debt of gratitude.

Tring at last of her tyranny, Earl courted the troupe's prettiest figurante, Luise, a blonde of eighteen, belonging to the Spark ballet. One night, while "Miss" was sick with a headache, he took Luise riding in the actress' auto, evidently wishing to obtain some profit from the "gift" that had proved so dear to him.

On hearing of his treason, the star shrieked loud enough to split the ears, sprang on Luise like an enraged lioness and clawed her face. Then she dealt Earl a ringing box on the ear, calling him the most ungrateful wretch that ever drew breath, and departed precipitately on a tour with an Italian dancer, leaving Luise out of a job.

Throwing a bouquet is not usually considered an insult. But when Mlle. Clara Tambour threw a bouquet at her beautiful rival, Mlle. Jane Renouardt, at the Capucines Theatre, there were other things besides flowers in the bouquet.

The charming Mlle. Tambour was known as a spitfire among the actresses. And when she and Mlle. Renouardt were both cast in the same play, the questions arose—Who was to cross the stage first? Who was to wear the most jewels? Who was to sport the brightest gown?

On the opening night, Mlle. Renouardt seemed to have the best of all these situations and Mlle.

Tambour's maid left the theatre and returned just before the end of the piece with a handsome bunch of flowers done up in the usual waterproof paper. Dressing quickly, Mlle. Tambour left the theatre and stood in seclusion near the stage entrance. As Mlle. Renouardt emerged with another actress, Mlle. Marion Tambour shouted:

"Tiens! This is how I contribute to your success!"

And she hurled the bouquet at her rival. But, suspecting something, Renouardt dodged and the bouquet struck Mlle. Marion full in the face. And a dozen aged and evil smelling eggs broke and streamed down her face.

Some months ago at the Colisee Cafe—rendezvous of Thespians, boxers, gigolos, gamblers, sirens, sharpers and cocaine addicts—a dozen film actresses and members of the sock and buskin fraternity "socked" one another till they were black and blue.

The trouble began when Eve Francis, bespectacled tragedienne and professor of elocution, entered the cocktail-palace, proceeded to the bar and ordered drinks for herself and two companions—Princess Natalie Paley, blonde film beauty, and Jean Berger, cinema-producer.

The tragedienne was in a hilarious frame of mind, even after she found herself confronted by her worst enemy, Harry Baur, "King of the French Screen and Stage," who was seated at a nearby table.

Baur had just been made an Officer of the Legion of Honor and was feting the event. Beside him sat his Turkish wife (his ex-secretary, Radife Taly Bey, formerly a comedienne at the Theatre des Mathurins), while other guests included Gisele Picard, sourette at small boulevard playhouses, and the actors, Christian Gerard and Paul Assis.

"Good evening, Harry. Are you enjoying yourself?"

Eve's voice rippled out these words with mocking sweetness as she approached the table where Baur was plying his potatoes with undiminished energy. With a smile she congratulated him on his promotion, and extended a bejeweled hand to be kissed.

But Baur refused, mumbling that if he touched his lips to her hand, he might have indigestion.



"This is how I contribute to your success!" shouted Mlle. Tambour, as she hurled the bouquet at her rival, Mlle. Jane Renouardt. But suspecting something, Mlle. Renouardt dodged and the bouquet struck her companion, Mlle. Marion, full in the face. The handsome bunch of flowers had in it a dozen aged and evil smelling eggs, which broke and streamed down Mlle. Marion's astonished face."



Eve Francis, the Actress, Who Is Said to Have Thrown a Broken Wine Glass at the Bald Head of Tragedian Harry Baur, With Results That Were Almost a Red Tragedy.



Liane de Pougy, the Dancer, Who Smacked Prince Ghika With Her Supper for Poking Fun At Her—Thereupon Causing Him to Fall in Love and Marry Her.

Glancing at her companions at the bar, he referred to Berger as a "young giddy bending himself into graceful attitudes," and to the Princess as an "articulated skeleton, an artiste to the bone."

Though smarting at the injurious speech, Eve masked her anger. She ironically thanked him for his gallantry, remarked that the sage was right, who said, "Greatness of soul is discovered in a great body" (an allusion to Baur's unwieldy bulk), and, returning to the bar, tried to swallow the affront in a glass of brandy.

Up to a few months ago, Eve and Harry were comrades, their friendship dating from before the War. In 1933, she played with him in "The Trial of Oscar Wilde," a piece by Maurice Rostand, who was greeted with over-ripe tomatoes at Vittel two years ago. When she quit the footlights for the "flickers," Harry often helped her land important roles, one of her latest being that of the school-directress in Deval's success, "Club des Femmes." (The Woman's Club.)

But it seems Baur promised her a part in "Les Hommes Nouveaux," and turned her down at the last moment for a younger vedette. Since then this daughter of Eve had vented her spleen on Thalia's favorite son.

To be revenged on the "flower and cream of all comedians," Eve reported that Harry had fixed glances of admiration upon Princess Paley shortly

after his marriage to Taly Bey, but that the Princess repulsed his advances because she didn't care a jackstraw for this man "with a bald head battered like an old pot and the features of a brigand."

"Harry's happy tonight over his Legion of Honor decoration, but wait and see how jubilant he will feel after I decorate him with this," said Eve, holding up her wine-glass before the eyes of her two companions.

She then broke the glass against the bar, according to witnesses, and threw the jagged portion remaining in her hand at Baur's head—a shining target a few feet away—inflicting a deep cut.

Almost blinded by fury and a rivulet of blood that trickled in his eyes, Harry is said to have bounded up bellowing with pain, and rushed like a mad bull in the direction of his assailant, knocking over chairs and tables in his path.

Suddenly he tumbled flat on his face, tripped up by a rolling bottle. This was M. Berger's cue. He ran up and witnesses said he applied the point

M. Baur, "King of the French Whose Bald Head Was Cut by



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of a Stage Star—

opera, Concludes Her Revelations
the Scenes of Theatrical
Capital



the dancer. The supple damsel,
the front row exposes a
wounded king, however, rose
to the danger of
bones from falling blocks.

re indomitable energy, to say
rself against the whole world,
ong doors are always open to

ore enemies she makes among
ushed in the wings. Rivals
and merciless warfare which
y if she be without powerful

se the crowd—it is so fickle!
arrow, and how bitter it is to
a "step" the corymbes rarely
possesses the genius of a
—Rahna.

his foot to the most prominent
ion of the actor and next at-
to pinion Harry's arms
he wounded king, however, rose
to his feet, holding the bot-
that had caused his fall, and, ac-
cording to witnesses, he flung it at
She ducked in time and it broke
eking glass behind the bar.

re creator of "Samson" is said
have then grappled with Eve,
king her spectacles and the
mandment of good breeding,
which says:
"Il ne faut
pas battre
une femme
meme avec
unc fleur."
(One must
not beat a
woman even with a flower.)

In vain she screamed,
scratched, bit, and the
comedy might have taken
a tragic turn had not half
a dozen waiters separated the
antagonists.
Meanwhile Gisele, Chris-
tian, Paul and others
joined the melee, the men
bawling like boatwains and
pounding each other
with their fists, the women
flying at one another's
throats, tearing hair and
squealing at the top of their
voices.

Above the din of battle
could be heard the shrieks
of Taly Bey. Mounted on
a table she shouted at Eve
in a mixture of French
Turkish, and witnesses said she called her a
"ne-sponge," "phrase-monger," "rattlesnake in
the," and the "scum of the earth."

At last the police arrived and induced these
ad actors" to postpone their performance.
Mr was given first-aid treatment by M. Von-
barman, who washed his bleeding pate in
land gin and bandaged it with napkins. Vor-
told journalists he had never seen a better
t at the Colisee, adding that it reminded him
the days when he tended bar in a Montmartre
rt, where Parisian strens and their glisten-
g similar lively spectacles.
One "war" that ended with a treaty of peace

Stage and Screen,
the Broken Glass.

Turkish, and witnesses said she called her a
"ne-sponge," "phrase-monger," "rattlesnake in
the," and the "scum of the earth."

One "war" that ended with a treaty of peace



Mlle. Jane Renouardt, for Whom the Bouquet of Bad Eggs Was
Intended, But Missed It by Dodging.



Caricature of the Celebrated Sharp
Profile of the Actress,
Cecile Sorel.

tune of half-a-
million francs.

The "chan-
sonnier" was a
so accustomed
to menaces
from victims
of his caustic
couplets—had
not Sorel's
spouse, the
Count of
Segur, sworn
to shoot him.
The poet Mau-
rice Rostand
to came him,
and Mistingu-
ette hired
bravos to break
up his perfor-
mances when
he sang at the
"Noc" night-
restaurant?

—that a libel-suit of 500,000 francs only made
him laugh.

Undaunted, he planned to make the round
Tonia the target of more poisoned arrows, but he
never carried out the project, as his enemy proved to
be a match for him.

Dreading to be made a butt of ridicule again,
the actress won Marsac's sympathy by withdrawing
the suit, pardoning him, and vamping him to
such a degree that he gave her a role in his new
revue. Today they are bosom friends, and the
doves of peace and of Venus flutter around them,
it is said.

This reconciliation of theirs recalls an episode
in the lives of Prince Georges Ghika and Liane de
Pougy, a dancer. The Prince saw her for the first
time at a party held in her honor at Moscow, but the
home of Serge de Diaghileff. In her hearing, the
Prince decided her "overrated" figure, but fell in
love with the lady he derided when she shouted out
that he was a brute, pulled off her slipper and hit
him on the head with it.

Most artists suffer from self-conceit, and a
word of criticism inflames them into childish in-
dignation. Not long ago Germaine Aussey, film-
beauty, slapped her producer because he found
fault with her diction; Henri Garat, screen-actor,
came to blows with a croupier, who mocked his
articulation; Max Trebor, comedian, defended his
art with his fists against critics; and Jean Herve,
of the Theatre Francaise, walloped a reviewer for
calling him a marionette.

Frequently a performer lacks the courage to
punch or slap a critic and gets a companion to ad-
minister the cuffs and kicks. This is said to be
what happened after Mme. Odie Kintejel, danseuse,
appeared at a private exhibition in the studio of
Philippe Besnard, the sculptor.

A journalist, Jacques d'Antibes, happened to
be present and published an article in which he
said Odie was "light on her feet as a kitchen-

stove." Since the star is
extremely vain—they say:
"If she saw a peacock
walking across a lawn she
would be so jealous that
she would cut its throat!"—
she is supposed to have paid
a pugilist friend of hers, M.
Pourcade, to give Jacques a
drubbing.

The scene was tragic-comic.
Fourcade arrived late at night
at the writer's flat, knocked,
and, according to the police,
when Jacques opened the door,
kicked the pajama-clad re-
viewer in the shin and knocked
him down with an uppercut. But
Jacques jumped to his feet, ran
to the kitchen, grabbed a fry-
ing-pan and quickly proved to
his assailant that he could wield
it as well as a pen. The boxer
beat a hasty retreat and was hand-
cuffed the following day for cuff-
ing the critic.

Mlle. Yolande Yoldi, stage and
cinema star, saw stars the other
night when two masked persons
appeared at her apartment, in the Rue de Pontlieu,
and slugged her as she opened the door. The girl's
success and good looks had aroused much jealousy
among her comrades, and it is believed her ag-
gressors were hired to run both.

Recently a mezzo-soprano of the Opera-
Comique, Mme. Aline Vallandri, had a narrow
escape from being slain by Mlle. Thery, to whom
she had given singing lessons. Envious of her
teacher's voice, the pupil fired two shots from her
revolver to silence it, but they had no effect as the
gunsmith, who sold her the weapon, had loaded it
with blank cartridges.

Fights were common at the Casino de Paris in
1935, when Mme. Jacqueline Claude was the star.
Thanks to her accommodating heart, admirers
swarmed into her dressing-room and fought for
her smiles, and thanks to her husband, a preacher,
the disputes were generally settled to the satisfac-
tion of all parties concerned, since Madame em-
ployed her spouse as peacemaker in the battles
waged around her.

Among Jacqueline's admirers was the tenor,
Tino Rossi. Next to himself, Rossi worshiped the
star and was so infuriated one night on viewing an
aviator embrace her in the loge that he made a
punching-bag out of his rival's face.

The flyer struck back, but Mme. Claude finally
parted the combatants and carried them home with
her, promising to heal their bruises with a kiss for
each, providing they both became reconciled.

Despite the lateness of the hour, the trio was
cordially welcomed by the minister, who poured
out drinks for his wife's friends and endeavored to
pour oil on the troubled waters. The airman,
however, flew into a rage when Jacqueline smiled
at Tino, and quit the house in a huff. The parson's
mate then burst out crying and could only be com-
forted by the tenor, who lingered late into the night
by his darling's side—with the husband's courteous
permission.

Hair-pulling contests are also frequent. Last
summer, in a studio at Montmartre, two Spanish
dancers—Senora Angelita Velaz and Senorita Ma-
riza Cobia—went on the warpath like a couple of
Comanches and attempted to scalp each other.

Senorita Cobia came off victorious. At the
close of the scuffle, she gleefully waved aloft a
hairy trophy that had been snatched from her opo-
nent's skull, but her joy turned to grief when
Angelita demanded 50,000 francs damages.

The way the fight started was peculiar. An-
gelita had gone to practice a fandango at the
Montmartre studio and there to her disgust, met
Mariza, her enemy, who had been rehearsing a
dance called Malaguena for the past hour in the
stuffy room.

Blatting her nostrils, Angelita sniffed and
snorted, said the place ought to be disinfected, re-
viled her compatriot with a crudity of expression
worthy of a Vigo fishwife, and ended by throwing
herself upon Mariza and tearing out a tuft of her
hair.

Meanwhile the Senorita applied her utmost in-

(Continued on Page 19)

TREES-

By
Napoli

Weird Shapes and Figures Seen by the
Talented Young W. P. A. Artist
When He Wanders Through the Woods---and
Branches, Leaves and
Trunks Appear to
Him as
"Lost
Souls"



Limbs of a Tree to Other People, but to Napoli "The Lost soul of a Book-keeper, in life forever chained to a narrow existence, his office, and now whirled around constantly by a stronger force--the lost soul of this office manager." Whose Figure Is Seen at the Right.

YOUTHFUL Vincent Napoli, a W. P. A. artist of Cleveland, sees many things quite differently from the way other people do, as readers of The American Weekly who have seen some of his previous drawings in this magazine may recall. Critics say that he has the knack of sketching things he beholds in his subconscious mind as unambiguously as Salvador Dali and other Surrealist artists. They also say that his drawings would though how may he nevertheless arouse a feeling of familiarity as well as understanding.

Recently Napoli has been roaming through the woodlands near Cleveland and sketching not the familiar woods with their trunks, branches and leaves that other people see there, but as he sees them a "Forest of Lost Souls" in which the trees become curious and grotesque figures, partly animal and partly human.

"At first, like most people, I see the trees with their familiar trunks, limbs, boughs and green leaves," he says. Then as I study them more closely, it is as if a misty curtain were raised and I see them entirely differently."

"The trees become lifelike, silently revealing their character, curious beings from another world that have been suddenly petrified into stillness instead of just a woods. It becomes a 'Forest of Lost Souls'."

Some of the many figures which Napoli has seen in his mystic forest are shown here. At the top of the page is what he calls "Forest Whirlpool," the figure at the left being the lost soul of a bookkeeper, while that at the right is his office manager.

"There are many such whirlpools in the forest in which strong forces were petrified in the very act of whirling weaker ones around them," he explains. "As I looked up at the branches of two

tree, I suddenly saw one as a plodding bookkeeper whose entire life had revolved around his office and his job. The bane of his life was the stronger force in the person of a tyrannical office manager. Both of these lost souls were there--the meek bookkeeper still whirling around the office manager who oppressed him in real life."

In the center of the page, at the right, Napoli has sketched two oddly shaped trees which he encountered one day in his mystic forest. The man-like figure to the left, he says, is the lost soul of a philosopher who, in real life, was continually reaching out for truth and knowledge which Napoli sees as a soaring, Pegasus-like horse of mythology, just beyond his reach.

To the left of this group are two more "lost souls." It is an odd trait of Napoli's to "see" figures in relation to each other and not as individuals. Here he visions two grotesque creatures, one a tadpole who was a "getter high-pressure salesman" in life, the other a frog, who was a bragging, belittling executive when alive.

"It is natural that they should be found petrified in this way," he says. "In real life they were each other's audience."

At the bottom of the page is a whole series of these "lost souls." At the extreme left is the "gossip bird," which

Napoli sees as a composite picture of a crowd of women at a sewing circle. Once they have heard a rumor or choice morsel of gossip, they are ready to fly in all directions to spread it. Next to the "gossip bird," he has drawn a more malicious figure, a "scandal-monger," petrified in the very act of slinking out to whisper something. The next two lost souls portray a scolding wife hawking over a meek husband who is vainly trying to escape.

To the right of the husband is seen the orator always trying to get attention and changed into a tree with his arm still upraised to emphasize a point in his speech. The bulky figure next to the orator is not one person but several.

"It represents a whole group of lost

souls," says Napoli. "They are the indecisive people who have clustered helplessly together. The weight of their indecision bears down on them, the puny wings being unable to lift the great weight of their helplessness. Both feet are stuck in the mud of the forest, just as in life. They were unable even to decide whether to step to the left or right."

At the extreme right Napoli has drawn the "lost soul" of the man who in life was always late for appointments. He was turned into a tree just as he was up to his usual trick of rushing somewhere. He has sprouted wings but he can't fly.

Here Two Trees Become to the Artist a Strange, Snail-Hatched, Winged Horse--Pegasus, the Mythical Steed of Geniuses--and, Reaching Up to It, the "Lost Soul" of a Philosopher, Straining for the Wisdom He Failed to Acquire in Life.

In a Thicket
Two Trees,
Like a Tadpole
and a

Bullfrog, the Tadpole
the "Lost Soul" Who
Was a Go-getter in
Life--and the Bullfrog
a "Lost Soul" Who
Was a Belittling
Executive--and in a
Wild Dance They Try
to Reassure Each
Other."



Forest Clump of Trees and Bushes of "Lost Souls"--First, the "Gossip Bird," Following Up the Scandal-Monger; Next, the "Lost Soul" of a Scolding Wife Pursuing Her Meek Husband; Then the "Lost Soul" of a Speculator With Arm Upraised; the "Lost Soul" of a Number of People Who Could Never Make a Decision, All Clustered Together and Both Feet Stuck in the Mud, Just as Their Mental Processes Were When They Had Living Brains; and, Last, the Man Who Was Always Late--and Now With Wings That Cannot Fly.

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES
Ray Oglesby—Auctioneer—Has
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As a tobacco auctioneer, Ray Oglesby actually sees who buys what tobacco. He is impartial, independent, not connected with any manufacturer. Mr. Oglesby says: "Luckies buy only the 'Cream of the Crop'."

Like Mr. Oglesby, most other independent tobacco experts—skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehouse operators—smoke Luckies. Sworn records

show that among these men, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Remember also that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco, and makes Luckies a light smoke. So next time try Luckies... try them for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That—
WITH INDEPENDENT EXPERTS,
WITH MEN WHO KNOW
TOBACCO BEST—
It's Luckies 2 to 1

When Smoking Was a Serious Business



Another "Bird Pipe" Which the Indians Smoked When They Were Deciding the Tribal Problems of War and Peace.



One of the most Elaborate and Artistic Indian Pipes Ever Found—a Frog Pipe Smoked by the Redmen Who Once Occupied Ohio.

The Illustration From Harper's Weekly of June, 1867, Shows the Sober Dignity of Smoking As Practiced by the Indians in Those Days. The Artist Who Sketched This Scene Between Two Army Officers and Four Arapahoes Wrote: "The pipe is lighted by the owner at the east end of the line. . . he takes one whiff, blows the smoke toward the supposed resting place of the Great Spirit, and passes the pipe to his neighbor."

down from warrior to warrior for many generations. "Like our arrow makers who were honored in the tribe," said the chief, "the maker of a good pipe was greatly respected. With other Indians he traded for the red slate which came from the quarries in what are now the states of Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, Missouri and Wisconsin."

Warriors traveled hundreds of miles to get this slate. When enemies would meet at one of the quarries they put aside their weapons and observed the "Trust of Manitou" for the sacred stone which was made into pipe bowls. In those days a pipe was sacred. In it lay the power of life and death, health and sickness. An Indian who wished to travel safely through territory which otherwise might be hostile had only to take with him as a passport a peace pipe carved with the distinguishing marks of his tribe and he was allowed to pass unmolested. It was a sort of holy emblem, a token of honor.

The white man has many kinds of pipes now, the Indian chief pointed out. Some are made of wood, others of clay or still other material. Few pipe faces were lucky enough to own a genuine Indian pipe which had passed

was held even above war and no brave lost honor when he gathered it instead of fighting."

For the interested white man, the chief described the designs of four famous types of Indian pipes which he had seen in his travels among various tribes. The first, shown at the top left, is a thunder-bird pipe which some long dead craftsman had carved out of black stone. "This is good pipe of peace and happiness," he explained. "The warrior who smokes it with his friends wishes him much good luck."

The duck pipe at the left and the

frog pipe at the upper right were also pipes of peace. They were to the Indians what big meerschaums or calabashes are to the white men today. "House pipes" or rather lodge and tepee pipes to be smoked at the campfire at the close of the day's hunting.

They were both big and heavy. Equipped with long stems and filled with crude black tobacco, the average pipe smoker today probably could not have taken more than one or two puffs without the smoke "biting" his tongue. For that matter neither did the Indians. They did not hold pipes in their

mouths the way modern smokers do, but usually held them in their hands and passed them solemnly from one to another.

This was particularly true of the lance-like double war pipe shown above. When this was passed slowly around the council fire, the chief who refrained from taking a puff showed his warlike intentions just as plainly as if he had signed a declaration of war against another tribe, or the pale-faced soldiers.

Brought the Devil Home With Her

JUST how Virginia Schmidt, an attractive San Francisco miss, managed to get the devil mask she refuses to say but she has one of the most unusual souvenirs that ever a tourist has brought out of the picturesque island of Bali, in the Dutch West Indies.

This Muzzle Makes the Rooster Wear It Look Warlike, but It Prevents Him from Injuring Other Residents of the Hen Yard.



In an exotic land which is now one of the favorite ports of call for the big, round-the-world cruise ships, such examples of native Balinese art as Virginia is shown holding in the accompanying picture are now collectors' items and she had been offered a high price for it. Thus far, however, she has refused to sell.

Officers of the ship on which Virginia recently made her cruise, point out that while the natives of Bali are now doing an excellent business in selling colorful sarongs, jewelry and other handwork admired by tourists, they have steadfastly refused to sell any of their elaborate temple costumes or masks.

Virginia, however, is a determined young woman and white other tourists visited the native market in Bali and contented themselves with buying the usual run of tourist knick-knacks for their friends and relatives back home. She went exploring on her own. She came on board with a carefully wrapped bundle under her arm and an air of victory in her bearing. It wasn't until the ship reached Melbourne that she unwrapped the mask to show envious passengers



fashioned it to correspond with a man's shoe size 168, made some interesting computations from this data.

"The mythical giant who would be capable of wearing footwear this size," he said, "would probably be about 45 feet in height and weigh about 15,000 pounds. He would walk with strides at least 12 feet in length and the earth would tremble at his step. He would undoubtedly be wearing the nearest thing to the seven-league boots of legend—any fame."

While the maker doesn't, of course, expect to find anyone who wears a shoe size 168, he has a most practical use for his giant footwear—it is a spectacular way of telling potential buyers about his product.

The Makers of This Size 168 Foot, Recently Shown at Cleveland, Believe It Is the Biggest Leather Boot Ever Made.

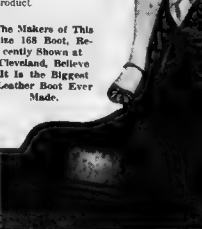
The Biggest Boot in the World?

WHAT might be truthfully called a bootblack's delight, or nightmare, depending upon how industrious he happens to be, is the biggest in the world, shown in the accompanying picture.

When it was exhibited in a trade show at Cleveland recently three men were required to push it into place using iron rollers for the purpose. Made of solid leather, it is seven and a half feet high and five and a half feet long.

A statistician who saw the huge boot on display and noticed that its maker had

Every detail of the boot was especially made. The eyelets and buckles were turned out in a machine shop. The laces were about 30 feet long. Because it takes two men to carry the freak piece of footwear, rollers were screwed to the sole and heel.



A Muzzle for Scrappy Roosters

ONE of the barnyard worries that farmers have every spring is the cannibalistic tendency of roosters and hens, that peck out one another's tail feathers unless they are curbed. Since no poultry mauler likes to look at prize flock with denuded posterior that make them appear as if they had been caught in a mowing machine, various devices have been tried out from time to time to prevent just such goings-on.

The latest of these gadgets is a cleverly contrived metal muzzle which is shown on the beak of Algernon, a particularly pugnacious rooster at the National Farm School,

in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. The device, which is hinged, permits Algernon to pick up grain and other food from the ground or a very low trough. When he raises his beak a bit however, for a thrust at one of the nearby-bidder, the pivoted lower part of the muzzle makes his peck harmless.

If the gadget works out as well as it appears to be doing, it probably will become standard equipment in many poultry plants throughout the country.

Last year when confronted with the same problem, Mrs. Corrine Smith of Walkerton, Indiana, solved it in an equally ingenious manner by fitting panties on her hen.

PORTALS OF ILLUSION No. 8—A Gentleman Visits Ur

By
H. Bedford-Jones



Part of One of the Prizes in the Temple of the Moon Goddess, Shennu, Ninkinnu of Ur, Wilking, Coss Just As Mikkadu Do Today, and Dairymade Making Butter and Cheese.

(Continued from Page 8)

ous laughing trill of sound, like the silvery voice of the wind-bells in the shrine of the moon-god. "Ninguru, I take you at your word," she rejoined, and patted the cushions beside her. "Come join me. From this moment on you're my guest. I want to hear about your men who are proscribed in Lagash. I'll send to Lagash and have them set free, if you're half the gentleman you say you are. Come along."

Ninguru stifled an oath in his rising golden beard. He was a fool and he knew the look in her eyes. He came to the side of the chariot, and as he glanced past, he caught sight of the court lady who followed close behind a girl, slim and dark and lovely as a gleam of sunlight in a rainy evening. For one instant he crossed glances with her then he was clanking away to the chariot and stretching his great limbs on the cushions beside the queen.

The procession went on toward the temple. The splendor of the woman before him was to his eyes magnificent and amazing; her perfume intoxicated him. She wore a glorious robe covered with gold, carnelian and lapis beads, necklaces and rings in profusion; while her head-dress was a masterpiece of the goldenmith's art, a profusion of flowers and fruits and leaves all worked in beaten gold. "And I thought I'd found a treasure!" he exclaimed. She gave him a quick glance.

"What do you mean by that?" "Oh, a piece of lapis I got up in the hills," he said, and touched his griddle. "It's worth much at home; we seldom see fine lapis like that."

"Lapis?" she echoed, amusement in her eyes. "My friend, lapis is just so much dirt in Ur, pretty, yes, but we use it in everything. Look at this chariot pole, inlaid with lapis and shell."

When Your Dog Begins to Scratch YOU OWE HIM RELIEF

It takes the weather or a kind of cure when your dog scratches and sheds his coat continuously. It's not better a way at all.

When a blood may be constantly affected by impurities, produced by the restraint of domestic life, impurities, lack of exercise and increased stimulation. These animals are not in the same way as the human in the same manner. He is a creature of the earth, and he is a creature of the earth.

Resistant Dog Persists the power of a persistent English Veterinary School and for 20 years. Their well-ordered system has shown a quick effect. You may have known how the dog can be cured by the use of the dog's skin.

It is a pleasure to know how the dog can be cured by the use of the dog's skin. It is a pleasure to know how the dog can be cured by the use of the dog's skin.

SUNBORN DOESN'T WORRY ME! If she stays out too long the know she can apply Oil-Salt and get wonderful relief. And she keeps it on hand as first aid for cuts, burns, bruises.

QUICK FOOT RELIEF Again, when her feet are sore, tired or blistered, she uses

Oil-Salt. I HAVE NEVER HAD A CORN SINCE I USED OIL-SALT. QUICK, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!

Stop suffering! Put Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, calluses, bunions, sore toes or wherever the shoe hurts—and you'll have no more pain. Enjoy instant, safe relief with these soft, soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Any corns or calluses you have will be quickly removed. They are so light on the foot you can wear them all day or all night. They are so soft you can wear them on bare feet or in slippers. They are so safe you can use them on your face, neck, arms, legs, feet, hands, and anywhere else you wish. They are so safe you can use them on your face, neck, arms, legs, feet, hands, and anywhere else you wish.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



A Fragment from Queen Shub-ad's Tomb, Showing the Royal Chariot in Which the Queen Was Riding When She Met Lord Ninguru.

and gold! But here we are," she added, as the car halted. The procession had reached the great open court of the temple, and two priests were coming to receive the queen.

"I have to climb to the shrine of the moon-god, on top," she exclaimed. "Since you've used to climbing mountains, come and watch the sacrifice."

"Not I, thanks," he rejoined, "but frankly, Lady, we have only one god up in the hills. Enlil, the Creator, the lord of life! I worship at no other shrine, though I thank you for the courtesy."

Her lips twitched, but as she took his hand to descend from the chariot, her feet caught in a cushion and she lost balance. Ninguru caught her dainty as though she had been a feather, and set her on her feet. Her gaze touched briefly upon the rippling muscles of his arms and shoulders, upon his merry, friendly features. Then she turned and spoke to the priests, and went with them toward the winding stairway that ascended to the shrine above. She went with them, alone.

The music shrilled up from those who waited, the singers burst into chants, and Ninguru stood staring. He realized now that in asking his company to the shrine, she must have offered him a great honor. However, he went to one of the archers, fell into talk, examined the bow of laminated horn, and shook his head.

"Weak! It should be a third thicker! Look here, who's that lady talking with the chariot?" The slim, dark girl?

The archer chuckled. "That's Ruth, the queen's personal maid. And as one soldier to another lord, you'll better leave her alone. She's not one of us, but an Akkadian, a Sennite. Her father is Abram, the queen's treasurer. Those Akkadians don't like any one playing around with their women."

"Nonsense!" said Ninguru. "We know how to handle a woman where I come from." He strode directly to the dark, slim girl whom he had noted before. She turned from the chariot-driver to meet him, her beauty drew into him like a sword halted him, brought awkward words to his lips.

"I didn't know you were so lovely, or that any woman could be like you! I've been all over the world from the mountains to the sea, even in Elam and Nippur. I never saw a girl like you anywhere! Where can I find your father?"

"My father? Abram the treasurer? He's at the palace every day. Do you know him?" "No, but I shall, soon enough," said Ninguru. He frowned beneath his beard. "Look here, tell me whether this is worth anything in these parts."

He got out something wrapped in cloth and laid bare a little slab of lapis lazuli. The girl took it, looked at it, and her amusement died. Her breath came quickly.

"Oh! This is lovely—it's a wonderful piece! It's priceless!" "Yes!" said Ninguru, watching her. "I thought lapis was common around here?"

"Not such lapis as this!" She lifted amazed eyes. "Why, this color is simply marvelous! This is worth a fortune!"

"Ha! I wasn't so far off the mark after all!" Ninguru reached out and took the lapis fragment from her reluctant fingers, wrapped it again and thrust it under his robe. "This is a present for you, Ruth, as soon as I get it polished and carved. I'm going to make you a queen in the mountains. Are you in love with anyone?"

"Mercy, no!" she said, not sure whether to laugh or frown. "There was a simplicity in him, but simplicity can sometimes be terrible. And if his sword was adorned with gold and gems, it was also a heavy blade made for use, not for show."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I'll see how much your father wants for you—what's the name? Abram?" Tell him what the sun worth, while I don't want to pay any cheap price for you, money is nothing to me, and I mean to be proud of my wife. Where I come from, you won't have any gay chariot with leather-rimmed wheels, you'll walk, my girl. But by the gods, you'll be a queen worthy the name!"

Perceiving that his antonish words were very earnest, comprehending the barbaric dignity and breadth and frankness of him, the girl gave him a grave regard.

"This is no time or place to utter such words," she said quietly. "I'm not to be brought like a slave."

"Then I'll take you," he said. "We were meant for me, and I for you! You know it, I can see it in your eyes."

"You may find difficulty in gaining your ambition," she returned. "Just at present, it seems to me you have another woman to think about."

Ninguru glanced up at the shrine above. "Oh, her!" he said carelessly. "Never mind her. What are you doing tonight?" "Helping my father with his accounts," she said. "If you're interested, come and see him. His house is behind the palace. You may learn a few things."

"I'll be there about noon," said Ninguru confidently. With a slight smile Ruth turned away and was gone among the other women.

It did not occur to him as he had to her, that anyone ascending to the top of the temple could look down and see everything that passed in the open court below.

There was a certain craft in Ninguru's assumption of bold frank barbarism; he was walking in slippery places and knew it. The Sumerians despised and hated foreigners between them and the Akkadians—the Semitic race who had drifted out of the northwest—no love was lost. These Sumerians, descended from mountain folk, were a bloody people; he had heard stories of Queen Shub-ad that would curdle the blood of any man.

He found himself treated as an honored guest. A spacious luxurious apartment was placed at his service, and he was given the queen's own seal, which opened all doors to him.

Accordingly, that evening, he had no difficulty in leaving the palace unharmed. Nor was it difficult to find the house of Abram the Akkadian; but when he stood before the man he sought, the mountain prince was for once abashed. By the light of the translucent, delicate lamps of white, celadon, Abram

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was eating up accounts, writing busily with a brush upon long strips of linen; and the girl Ruth, his helper, smiled at the look on Ninguru's face.

For this Abram was something more than man. Not old, he yet had the air of a patriarch, broad-browed, deep of eye, massive of feature, he was the rare man one meets once in a lifetime, perhaps, who fairly radiates superhuman power. He was not shaven like the Sumerians, but had long black hair and beard. A man of enormous, ravishing vitality, such a man as might found an empire of a race.

"Greetings, Lord Ninguru," he said. "I heard much of you at the palace today; my daughter has told me more. What she told me, I perceive, was the truth."

Ninguru met the piercing eyes, but he took all his power. "Did she say good or ill?" he demanded confusedly.

"Judge for yourself. When do you return to your mountains?" "I don't know. I hadn't thought about it. This is a pleasant place."

Abram grinned and turned to the girl. "Finish the work, take it to the scribes to be copied in clay tablets and go to the queen, after it's checked." She gathered up everything and departed, with a smiling dart of her glancing eyes at Ninguru. When she was gone Abram stood up and looked at his visitor.

"This is a pleasant place you say, I tell you, young man, go back to your mountains quickly, before the abomination that is in the air strikes death into you! Death that is worse than death itself. In a few days I flee this accursed city myself."

"You?" Ninguru stared. "But you're the treasurer!" "I've resigned," Abram said grimly. "Too long have I tarried here in this abode of evil. Come with me into the night air and I show you what you've never seen in this pleasant place, for you're a man of understanding. Come and walk about the city."

Ninguru was not invited to go, he was told to go, and he obeyed, in a daze. And, soon enough, he repented him of going.

Life was clean in the mountains, just and death were clean, even evil was hard, clean, morally sort of thing, but not in Ur. Abram took him to the enormous brickyard running down to the river, where slaves by the thousands roared; then into the city upon a grim and grisly round of horrors. With Ninguru's eyes ghastly visions: torturers at work while crowds applauded a huge pile of hands in the marketplace, and another of heads sticking horribly, a batch of

(Continued on Page 16)

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WHERE FUN IS HIGH EXPENSES LOW

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NOW Bill is DEVOTED
SWEETS TO THE SWEET!

MARTHA SPOKE FRANKLY—
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HOW IMPORTANT DAINTESS IS, BETTY. I NEVER RISK UNDIE ODOR-USE LUX DAILY.

BILL THOUGHT I WAS WONDERFUL THEN—HAVE I CHANGED SO, MARTHA?

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Avoid Offending—Undies constantly absorb odor, but Lux removes it completely—guards colors, too. Avoid soaps containing harmful alkali and cake-soup rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Save the thrifty big box!

By H. BEDFORD-JONES



Heroic Figure of old Gilgamesh, the Babylonian hero. When the People of Ur saw Lord Ningirsu They Thought Gilgamesh Had Come to Earth Again.

(Continued From Page 15)

hostages from some faithless district being slaughtered and tossed into the river, and last, the sacred grove of the moon-god, over which they looked from a corner of the walls.

"There, turrets flickered, white figures leaped and danced or gathered in vague groups, and weird, unholy shapes seemed to mingle with them."

"The worship of Lammathu, the she-devil who lives in the marshes. There's your pretty queen practicing sorcery," Abram explained, as shrill voices rose to them. "This is the festival of women, Shubad and her women are yonder, and she's come to see alive today will not be alive tomorrow. Ur kills by night and is splendid by day. Under the moon-god of the city, horror stalks through the houses, witchcraft and madness are in every street; the one god, the God of gods, will someday destroy this city."

"Where I come from, we have only one god," said Ningirsu, as they turned away.

Abram launched into a vehement utterance, to which Ningirsu paid little attention. He was by no means squeamish, but to have the cover suddenly lifted off this pleasant city, where life seemed so peaceful, gave him a bad jolt. He was in no mood to care about Abram's theory of one true God as opposed to many false ones, however, he perceived that he himself stood high in favor because of his own belief in the one god Enlil.

Back in Abram's house Ruth did not appear. Abram produced some curls of pork's milk and shared the dish with his guest. Ningirsu was delighted.

Everybody laughed at him when he demanded some curls and why at the palace today," he said. "I've had a craving for it ever since I left home. If you chop up some onions and herbs, it'll improve it."

"Thanks," said Abram, wiping his mustache. "You're a man after my own heart. What business did you have with me anyway?"

Ningirsu told him and made no bones about it. Abram eyed him, stroked his black beard, and at last broke into a laugh.

"You mountain folk sell a woman like a sheep? We don't. I'll talk to my wife Sarah about this, young man, frankly, I like the idea. If Ruth wants you, well and good."

"I'd like to see her, if she's around," said Ningirsu eagerly.

"You will not, she's gone to bed. However," added Abram, "you might find her in the palace gardens tomorrow at the season hour when no one else is awake. There's a quiet little summer-house just past the duck pond, look, there and you may find her."

Ningirsu, overjoyed, took his departure. Back in his snug quarters he bathed, tumbled into bed, and was asleep in two minutes.

WITH morning, a retinue of slaves appeared, he was barbered, perfumed, his hair and beard were converted into golden curls, and magnificent garments were laid out for him. A palace chamberlain brought him a handsome gold-lipped eardrop, a gift from the queen. He took it in his hands, bent it, broke it, and gave it back to the chamberlain with a roar of laughter.



The Moon-God of Ancient Ur, Shubad, on His Throne.

"Tell Lady Shubad her weapons are too weak for mountain men, I'll stick to my own, thanks."

He spent the morning with the queen and it was weary work, judging cases, receiving courtiers and deputations, and going over papers. He looked for Ruth, but did not see her at all. He did not have a free moment until after luncheon, when everyone went to sleep for an hour in the heat of the day.

Then, in the summerhouse beyond the duck pond, he found her awaiting him.

"It was good of you to be here, my girl. I've longed for you all morning."

"To judge by your looks," said the queen, "you've made the best of things. Ningirsu, do you know that my father likes you? That's a rare thing, let me tell you."

"Do you like me?" he demanded. She laughed softly.

"Why should I? But the queen delights to do you honor."

"I know that," he said gravely. "My man should get here tomorrow sometime; then I can leave. I want to take you with me if it can be arranged."

"It can," she replied. "My father is frightened for us all, he wants to get away as quickly as possible. But there's still the queen—and you."

"That has nothing to do with it," he said. "I'll be as good as dead."

"But it has. The queen is in love with you, and I'm just as proud as you are."

"It was queer love-making, thought Ningirsu; but if there was pride in her dark eyes there was terror as well, and behind her words he comprehended all the things she left unsaid. He bent over, brushed her fingers with his lips, and nodded.

"My dear, I swear by the one god, Enlil the Creator, he said, "I swear to you that no other woman, queen or slave, can ever tempt me to forget you, not for one little moment."

Her eyes widened and dusky ruses blossomed in her cheeks. His grave staidness was strikingly eloquent of the real man, the man who in those faraway mountains was a prince and a gentleman.

"I believe you," she replied. "But I'm afraid for you, Ningirsu. The queen is skilled in drugs and herbs and poisons. Her last lover was a prince from Elam, a bold and mighty man, but the heart within him and he became wicked. They had to kill him like a mad bull. Eat only of the dainties she eats. Drink no wine at all."

He started, for he had a horror of poison. "By the god Enlil, a good warning," said he. "Thanks for it. Hello! You're not leaving."

"I dare not stay." She had

eyes of Shubad awakened fear in him.

Next morning, early, he was summoned to her presence, a runner had just brought a message from Lagash about his man. He found her in bed, a few of her women around her, he looked in vain for Ruth.

The queen was stretched upon a massive bed, cunningly adorned with golden figures and inlaid with scenes very curious to behold. She wore no jewels, and was covered only by a transparent gauze scarf, which revealed deliciously the amazingly girlish contours of her slim body. Behind her was a strip of linen bearing wedge-shaped characters and a seal.

"Greeting, Prince Ningirsu!" she exclaimed. "I have bad news for you, all of my men were killed at Lagash trying to escape. There is the message."

He stood motionless, looking at her; he felt in his heart that she lied. Her wide, childish eyes told him so. She had ordered those men killed.

"Say the word," she went on, "gazing at me, 'and I obey shall I order the governor of Lagash tortured and his head sent here? Shall I order a thousand young men of the governor of Lagash killed and his head sent here? Shall I order you to assassinate your grief? Demand whatever punishment you wish and it will be granted instantly."

"Laid," and with an effort Ningirsu kept the hoarse, murderous growl out of his voice. "I thank you, but if it's a small matter. How are six men, after all?"

Shubad made a gesture. Into the chamber was led her chief executioner, a squat, powerful, savage man who bore a club studded with knots of gold.

"Say the word," she said, "and I'll send Durga to Lagash, he'll bring back his club and red and blood-soaked to prove he has wreaked vengeance for your slain men."

Ningirsu looked well upon the man and his club and broke into a laugh.

"Let it be forgotten, lady. What are six men? Before your loveliness, all the world melts and disappears."

She motioned with her hand and he sat beside her, awkwardly. Her eyes, luminous with strange glints of light, rested upon him.

"Your lovely little bit of lips is finished," she said softly. "This afternoon you shall see it and have it back. Tell me, Ningirsu! To whom will you give it?"

"Perchance to you, if you really want it," he said.

"No, no! A promise must be kept; a prince, a gentleman of the mountains, must keep his word," she said softly—too softly, indeed. "Tell me, Ningirsu! Do you think I'm a careful woman?"

"No," he said. "A woman cannot waken from sleep and be as lovely as you are, therefore you must be a goddess."

She smiled sardoniously. "I wish you meant that, Ningirsu! Per-

haps you'd say the same thing to the girl you talked with in the temple courtyard that morning we met?"

"Perhaps I would," he said coolly. "If I had the chance."

She tossed aside the gauze scarf, beckoned her women, and proceeded to dress. Even unclad and unadorned, her loveliness remained elusive, her peculiar charm was bewitching as ever, and if she gave no evidence of anything unusual in the situation, the same could not be said for Ningirsu. Mountain folks are seldom at ease with nudity, and he breathed with embarrassed relief when she had donned a gorgeous robe brodered in some-what singular fashion with golden hippopotamus and goddesses at play.

Although the queen kept Ningirsu with her for the rest of the morning, she scarcely spoke to him again. He brooded inwardly over the murder of his six men, which was like a burning coal in his heart; but he made no reference to it. In the heat of noonday he found himself beside the queen in a shaded corner of the gardens, where luncheon was served.

Then she smiled upon him indeed and whispered in his ear so that her perfumed face touched his, and pledged him happiness in wondrous golden fagons of wine. And he, for the moment forgetting all warnings, emptied his flagon as she bled, with a laugh. Only then did he remember what Ruth had said about drugged wine.

He did not hesitate, but making an excuse of plucking an orange from one of the trees, he left the board. Behind him, he rammed a finger down his throat.

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Help prevent BLISTERING and PEELING

Check SUNBURN PAIN
—Splash on Absorbine Jr. right after exposure

When you join your friends on the beach, do you get weary about blistering and peeling? There's no need for it, if you check that burn in time—before blisters start!

Apply Absorbine Jr. freely right after exposure. It cools the burning skin quickly—without the stinging pain. Does not interfere with tanning.

Why Blisters Form—and How to Prevent Them

"Pinking up" means that blood has been drawn to the surface. Later, the blood becomes congested in the surface blood vessels. When fluids seep through the walls of these blood vessels, collect in tiny pimples and break

through the skin, toruring blisters form.

Before this happens to you, apply Absorbine Jr. to the exposed area. It stimulates the circulation—helps to prevent congestion—the cause of painful blistering and peeling.

When you go out in the sun, remember to take a bottle of Absorbine Jr. with you. Use it before the skin blisters—that's the important time! Not greedy. At all drug stores. \$1.35 a bottle.

has got rid of that wine. Nonetheless, he was in a cold sweat when he returned, and giddiness was upon him. Had he not rid himself of that drugged wine, he might have been left witless indeed; as it was, his mind drifted, and, though wide awake, for a time he was conscious of nothing around him.

Some time later, in the cool of the gardens, Ningirsu awakened, not much, but a little, enough to find Queen Shubad in his arms. A voice had roused him, a familiar voice, pouring curses on both of them, but chiefly upon the queen. Blinking, Ningirsu's dazed senses recognized Abram, tall and stark and convulsed with wrath.

"May you be ensnared in your own iniquity!" came the thunderous voice. "May your beauty be spoiled, may the she-devil whom you worship feast upon you! The one God will root out your people until their very name is forgotten! He will wait upon your city until the dust of it is blown upon the wind; he will make all this land into a desert of dry sand, a waterless abomination, a place of death. For this is the curse I lay upon you and upon this place. Murderer, worshiper of devils, look well to it!"

Guards came running, but Queen Shubad sent them away. What it all meant, Ningirsu did not know, though he was soon enough to learn. He was recovering from the drug, however, when he felt for his sword, his dagger, they were gone, and dismay seized him.

A slave appeared abruptly prostrated himself before the queen and uttered a few words.

(Continued on Page 17)

I'M DANCING FOR JOY

—since Corns went Root' and All

New Double-Action Method Removes Corns Quickly, Safely

NO MORE suffering from ugly, painful corns—no more home paring that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier. Now you can remove corns quickly, safely, completely. The new, better, double-action Blue-Jay method ends even pain instantly, by removing pressure. Then in a short days the corn lifts out free and all exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application. Don't take chances with unknown methods. Play safe with Blue-Jay. The tiny medicated Blue-Jay plaster is painless, quick acting, easy to use. 25c for 6 same price in Canada.

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Cracks between your toes are DANGEROUS—Drench them Tonight

With you take off your shoes tonight—look between your toes—is the hot, perspiring skin cracking open? Those raw, painful cracks may mean sign of Athlete's Foot!

The Athlete's Foot fungus thrives on perspiration products. When socks skin cracks open, it gets right in. Then red, itching toes, white, blistery patches tell you you are a victim of stubborn Athlete's Foot.

The U.S. Public Health Service estimates 40% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

No tonight look for cracks between your toes! Foot on Absorbine Jr.

It drenches the damp, greasy skin between the toes. It drenches the perspiration products that which Athlete's Foot feeds on. It kills Athlete's Foot fungi! It soothes and helps heal the broken tissue.

Start treatments tonight! At all drug stores. \$1.25 a bottle.

With you take off your shoes tonight—look between your toes—is the hot, perspiring skin cracking open? Those raw, painful cracks may mean sign of Athlete's Foot!

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We'll be glad to try Absorbine Jr. at your expense. Please send me FREE sample bottle.

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Aspic Is Nourishing and Refreshing

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ter for salad and other summer entree dishes than the older command to "Four into a wetted mold."

Molding jellies is really a pleasant and fascinating bit of kitchen craft. The best suggestion is to follow the careful step-by-step directions and photographs shown in the latest booklets put out by manufacturers of different types of jellies. The whole trick, if any, lies in doing the jelly a layer at a time, letting each layer get hard before moving on to the next.

It is well to remember, also, that one is always working from the top down—that is, the first layer of jelly or ingredient laid in the bottom of the mold appears on top, when reversed to its unmolded position for serving. Once the bottom and sides are set, the filling of the interior is just a matter of time and dexterous handling.

Clear, aspic or meat-flavored gelatin naturally calls for meat ingredients such as diced cooked chicken, ham, slices, etc. Fish, and particularly lobster and shrimp, lend themselves well to aspic service and have "pep" when embedded in a tart lemon-flavored base. Vegetables seem

to do equally well in all flavors of cream or tubular ring-mold is popular for this service because it allows the center space to be filled with a harmonizing or contrasting salad or mixture. Tomato jelly ring with mixed vegetables in the center is always popular. When using individual molds, select those which are not too complicated in pattern and which have straight or smooth sides, much like a cup-cake tin, and then the jelly will slip out easily.

Individual aspics make smart service for bridge or summer porch hospitality. Tiny thimble-sized molds make attractive garnishes for a buffet platter of cold cuts, deviled eggs, etc. The aspic may also be molded in a brick or loaf pan, in which case the loaf is sliced down straight, as with a brick of ice cream.

The true aspic dish must always be transparent and clear. But variations use whipped cream, whipped egg whites, and even mayonnaise, which turn the jelly into a more opaque form, delicious to eat.

You have asked about aspic—now you can put your summer meals on a cool, refreshing gelatin base.

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may be embedded solid food, whether that be sliced chicken, tongue or ham, fish or other seafood, or a medley of assorted vegetables.

The simple home kitchen aspic may easily be achieved in one of several ways. One may use plain unflavored granulated gelatin, dissolving it in flavorful liquids such as tomato juice or canned consommé or water in which a beef or chicken bouillon cube has been dissolved. To this dissolved gelatin, may be added the solid ingredients in whatever form preferred.

A second method is to use packaged aspic gelatin in which the meat or stock flavor has already been incorporated during manufacture. With this gelatin, it is necessary to add only the solid ingredients.

A third method is to use packaged lemon-flavored gelatin, since practically all aspics require some tart lemon flavor—and then to add the solid ingredients.

All methods are good, and give perfect results, some being preferable for certain foods and recipes, and some for others.

It is helpful for the beginner to know a fundamental proportion of aspic mix, as follows: Allow 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin to 2 cups of any liquid, together with 1 cup lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 1 cup chopped solid ingredients.

"But I can't get my jelly to come easily out of the mold; what shall I do about that?" is a question asked. Unmolding jellies is really not difficult. The best procedure is to brush the mold lightly with olive oil or salad oil, with a swab of kitchen tissue, before filling. Pour in the mixture, chill and set, and the aspic will be found to slip easily from its mold. The oil trick is far better.

Few other really substantial dishes can be made to appear as refreshingly cool as the aspic or jellied mold. With gelatin as the "carrying" element, there is that pleasing transparency which at once gives the feeling of ice or crystal. Yet, in this gelatin base,

the average home-maker to duplicate, in her own kitchen, the creations of great chefs.

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ONE of the most delightful features of the summer dining-room in a fine hotel or culinary rendezvous is the elaborate buffet table arranged to attract both eye and appetite. Generally this buffet is so placed that the guests must pass it as they enter, and they are bound to admire, and later order—its wealth of refreshing fish, fowl and fruit specialties.

In many cases the chef d'œuvre or showpiece of the table is a magnificent aspic or molded jelly. If the hotel chef, as so frequently happens in French, the aspic is bound to be delicious, elaborate and conceived with a keen eye for symmetry, harmony and color values. For the jellied mold or aspic is a distinctively French creation, and, although the origin of the word is somewhat doubtful, it appears that

her and took the lapis from her hand.

"Stop, stop!" she exclaimed. "Sorry, my dear; you don't understand. The Jeweler, Mrs. Channing Lander, is waiting, and I'll have to give this to her."

Tammyra caught at his arm, lifting an anguished, imploring cry.

"Don't, please! Oh, you must, I implore you, hurry away! Don't let her wear it! It's a frightful thing; it's under a tree, it has the devil-devil about it, and she must wear it!"

The Jeweler, with pardonable severity, rushed her rather rapidly and departed. Presently he came back, sat down, took Tammyra's hands.

"My dear, it's quite all right," he said. "Mrs. Lander smiled at my warning; for I did warn her, I assure you."

At the figure on the pendant is that of Lamahtu, and she just won't believe in any talk of rats. Neither do I, for that matter."

Tammyra lifted tragic eyes to his, murmured broken assent, and said no more.

She said no more, even in the morning, when the Jeweler brought her the newspaper with a front-page story. She merely scribbled to the lips, glanced at the headlines regarding the horrible accident in which Mrs. Lander had been killed, and rather the paper away.

There really was no more to say.

Just week's Portals of Illusion—Tammyra and the Pirate's Amethyst.

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PORTALS OF ILLUSION

(Continued from Page 16)

She laughed, and the laugh was thin, cruel, dead.

"Very well; we'll come at once. Send two guards to assist Lord Ningirsu."

She turned and told Ningirsu to hold out his hands. He did so; and about his wrists she bound hard and fast her girlish gold. Now in the grip of alarm and consternation, he blinked stupidly, tried to free his arms, and she laughed again at his vain efforts.

"Come, my Ningirsu! We go to behold your graven sins, lapis! Perhaps I guessed the girl to whom you promised it; we'll see! Now we must go underground."

Two guards came and supported Ningirsu. The effects of the drug were passing, but he feigned otherwise; fear and horror of the queen were strong upon him.

She led the way, the guards brought him after; they went down steps to a large chamber, far underground, where lamps and torches burned to give light. The doors clanked shut; they were of bronze which no sound could pass. Dugga, the chief executioner, received them; with him were three naked, powerful men. "This was the torture chamber of the palace."

"All is done, O Queen, as you commanded!" said Dugga. "She is yet warm."

"Come, then!" Shub-ad signed the two guards to bring Ningirsu. "Come, Lord Ningirsu, and look upon your slab of lapis!"

Against the farther wall Ningirsu became aware of a great carved seat of wood. Dugga laid aside his gold-studded club to hold a torch, and in the seat was revealed a cloaked and hooded figure, whether man or woman it was impossible to say. The queen went close to it, put out her hand and slightly disarranged the shrouding cloth, enough to reveal a patch of white skin on which lay the piece of lapis hanging by a cord. Ningirsu perceived that someone sat in this carved wooden seat, wearing the aspic; he did not know what it all meant, but a cold sweat of horror burst upon him.

"Come, closer, closer!" said Queen Shub-ad, mockingly. "Look on the carving; it is the figure of Lamahtu! Spells and incantations have been worked upon this bit of stone; Lamahtu, the she-devil of the marshes, inhabits it now. This is her figure, Ningirsu! You refused to give me the stone; now it is accused, and hangs about the neck of one to whom you promised it. I think, Dugga! Lay bare the woman; the face last of all!"

The executioner obeyed, jerking off the dead cloth.

To the staring gaze of Ningirsu was laid bare the nude, exquisite figure of a young woman. It was perfect in every detail, beautiful with youth and grace, but not with life. Just above the left breast protruded the shaft of an arrow that had been driven in to the very feathers, pinning the body erect in the carved chair.

The last shrouding cloth came away and Ningirsu gazed upon the face of Ruth.

The silver laugh of Queen Shub-ad lifted and floated upon the room, lifting back in sweet resonant echoes from the vaulted walls and ceiling; but the laugh wilted and died out in bubbling incoherent words as the queen looked at Ningirsu, and horror died, her lovely innocent eyes.

For, as he stared into the dead, fixed eyes of Ruth that peered out above the accused slab of lapis, drops of sweat ran down his contorted face. The veins on his forehead stood out; his golden beard seemed to quiver; his features quivered; one low groaning effort, and he had burst the golden bands about his arms; leaning forward, he

looked at the breast of the girl, and found that she was indeed dead.

"Quick, quick!" Queen Shub-ad found wild, startled words. "The drug was too weak—kill it all him quickly!"

The two guards whipped their bows, but they had not time to notch shafts.

Ningirsu whirled, caught up the gold-studded club of the chief executioner, and like a springing lion was upon the two guards. He struck as a lion strikes, to right and left, silent, his writhing arms and hair like a lion's mane. The guards collapsed. Dugga, dagger in hand, came leaping upon him. Ningirsu met him with the full sweep of the golden club, and to the smash of the blow, blood spurted clear across the chamber, and the chief executioner died there.

With bows of terror, the three torturers were darting for the single entrance. From Ningirsu burst a roar, like the shuddering roar of a lion, reverberating from the stones around, filling the place with hideous fury. He caught the three as they plucked at the bronze doors, and ere ever those doors were opened, death smote twice and thrice, and their frantic voices were choked in blood.

Ningirsu turned, his chest heaving, his eyes terrible and flaming.

"So, my six men will have company under the ground," he said, and went toward the dead girl in the carved seat. He seemed oblivious of the queen.

She drew back, staring, pallid in the torchlight with a sheer paralysis of terror. Her face was frightful to see, for the beauty had fled out of it and she looked drawn and haggard and horrified. Ningirsu went to the carved seat and put the bloodstained club down, leaning against the seat, and then turned. A certain deliberation became evident in his movements, and it drove new fear into the queen.

She ran for the door, her sandals clattering on the stones. Ningirsu strode after her. She looked around, saw his face, and a wild scream burst from her.

She gained the door, but slipped in the blood there. As Ningirsu towered above her she evaded him, darting sideways; she broke into a run, around and around the chamber, with shriek upon shriek wailing from her lips, and he after her in intent silence.

He caught her, suddenly. Caught her, tore the golden dagger from her hand and cast it down, and lifted her in one huge arm. He held her high, thus, and a huge breath from him as he ceased her frantic struggles. Then he carried her over to the carved seat, and with his free hand stripped the brooder-garment robe from her.

"Where I come from," said he, "I'm just like to see our women naked."

He took the bit of lapis from about the neck of the dead Ruth and thrust it into the hands of the queen; then laid Shub-ad's robe over the girl in the chair. Sleeping, he picked up the bloodied club again, and looked at Queen Shub-ad.

She stared up at him, helpless in his grip. Another scream burst from her.

"I think you must be the she-devil, Lamahtu, yourself," said Ningirsu, and struck.

She fell face-down, quivering hands clutching at the stones, after an instant, her gripping fingers relaxed. Ningirsu stooped, took the big signet-ring from her finger, and tossed the club into one corner.

"Alarm was right," he said, "I'm going back to the mountains."

HIS voice died away. Everything died away, darkness faded into sunlight; Tammyra looked up as the Jeweler rounded



"Sally the bookworm" they called her. For a few months called her. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm.

Then one night little Anne called her. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm. "You're so beautiful," said the bookworm.

That first time of "pink" on your tooth brush is only a warning. But when you see it—see your dentist for the sake of your health and your happiness. You may not be in for real trouble, but only your dentist should make



to become firmer, healthier—more resistant. Get the famous Ipana tube at your drug store today. Adopt the common sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter, sparkling teeth—a radiant, winning smile.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

EATING TO KEEP HAIR YOUTHFUL

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

Editor of "Increasing Efficiency" (Harper), Contributor to the Encyclopedia of Medicine.

SOME people seem to be born with an inheritance which doom them to have their hair turn gray early in life, or even to become prematurely white in the thirties. The beauty of some women, and dignified appearance of some professional men, is undoubtedly increased by this trait of Nature. It brings admiring glances to the one, and business to the other.

But most people are more concerned about the danger to their hair will become a scraggly, repulsive gray. Dietary research in recent years has indicated that these perturbed people can often keep their hair from getting into this condition by watching some items in their daily diet.

These hair-protecting foods will not save the hair when heredity has already predetermined it to turn color, to fall out, or become stringy. Or they will not help much unless the scalp is given a thorough shampooing and rinsing each week, and also massaged well every few days.

Hair beautifying diets were first worked out to make the pelts of fur-bearing animals more valuable. Silver fox pelts, for instance, have been doubled in value when hair beautifying factors were added to the food given the animals.

The hair beautifying diet has three essentials. First, a balanced diet, comprising a wide variety of foods to provide sufficient nutritive elements to keep

all body tissues, including the hair follicles, in good health. Second, the foods should preferably be fresh, or quick frozen, or perfectly preserved in a well-closed ice-box or electric refrigerator, or carefully canned; foods which have stood around a while at ordinary room temperature apparently deteriorate slightly, or in some way lose qualities which are essential for maintaining luxuriant hair.

The third factor in the hair beautifying diet is a specific, especially for brunettes and those who want, if humanly possible, to avoid gray hair. This specific food is melanin, a pigment which supplies the dark color. The richest common source of melanin is oysters. This shell food has other dietary advantages, which we may take up later, but the usefulness of its melanin content in improving the appearance of hair is a recent discovery.

Oysters on the half shell, oyster cocktail, scalloped oysters, and savory oyster stew apparently will do much to aid modern detergent shampoos in keeping a service of possible gradual loss where it was handed down from father to son for many generations. Here is the way he prepared:

Whip very stiff 6 whites of eggs and then mix in gently 6 ounces of granulated sugar, 1 pint of milk, and 1/2 cup of melted butter. Put this mixture in a piping bag and with it form egg-shaped pieces. Boil some milk and then pour the egg-shaped pieces for a few minutes on each side, taking care that they do not boil.

Remove the eggs on to a napkin and dry them. Use the milk for making the vanilla sauce. Serve in a bowl, first pouring in the sauce and place the eggs on the top, garnished with any kind of fresh fruits, berries, for example.

VANILLA SAUCE
Ingredients for one quart:
1 pint of milk
1 pint of sweet cream
6 ounces of granulated sugar
3 yolks of eggs
1 vanilla bean
Boil the milk and the cream together with the vanilla bean. On the other hand work up the yolks of eggs and the sugar together. Then pour on the boiled milk and cream and stir together with a whip. Put back on the fire and bring to boiling point without allowing to actually boil, stirring continually.

Pass through a muslin cloth or tannin and let cool.

FLOATING ISLANDS

ONE of the favorite summer desserts of Louis Ritz, famous chef of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in New York is Floating Islands (Oufs a la Nigee), as it is sometimes called. Louis, who was recently decorated by the French Government with the Merite Agricole for his service in developing French cooking in the United States, brought the recipe with him from his native town of Moutiers, where it was handed down from father to son for many generations. Here is the way he prepared:

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Pass through a muslin cloth or tannin and let cool.

SPARTAN SEASONING REQUIRED WORK

THE Spartans Compelled All Citizens to Eat the Same Food in Banish Lungs. One of Their Dishes Was Black Bread, Highly Regarded by the Gods. Men The Tasty Dionysius, a Censor called it "larder." "I do not wonder," said the cook, "for the seasoning is lacking." "It has seasoning," said Dionysius. "Running, sweating, fatigue, hunger and thirst," replied the other, "with these ingredients are season our food."

PINEAPPLE SALAD

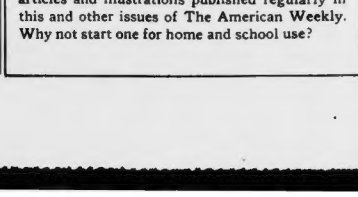
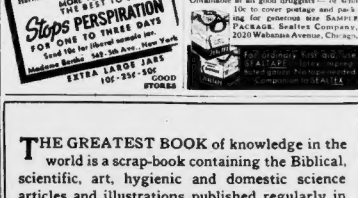
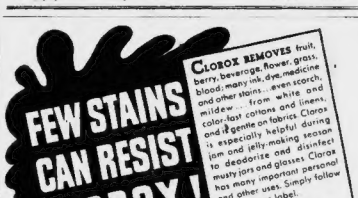
FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF IOWA
WHILE a well prepared fruit salad appeals to both the eye and the palate, it is particularly tempting on a hot summer's day when its very sight stimulates a languid appetite. In Iowa, when the weather gets pretty warm as it does at this time of the year, Mrs. Nelson K. Krueger, wife of the Governor, likes to prepare one of her favorite recipes, a pineapple salad with hulled dressing. She tells the American Weekly that she makes it as follows:
1 envelope gelatine
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 No. 2 can grated pineapple
1 cup whipping cream
1 cup grated cheese (American)
Place gelatine in a measuring cup and fill with cold water. Let stand till dissolved.
Boil sugar and the cup of water until it forms a syrup.
Mix gelatine, syrup and pineapple and put aside till it begins to set. Add the whipped cream and grated cheese. Place in refrigerator to set.
Cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaf with a boiled dressing mixed with whipped cream.
BOILED DRESSING
(a)
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons mustard
3 tablespoons flour (level)
Few grains paprika
(b)
5 eggs
1 cup water
1/2 cup vinegar
Sift (a) well, then sift into (b). Cook in a double boiler until thick. Add 3 tablespoons butter. Put into a fruit jar and use as needed.

SEND IN YOUR RECIPE—YOU MAY WIN \$5.00
The American Weekly will pay \$5.00 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. There is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unpublished recipes cannot be returned.

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LOVE ALMOST AS HEAT WAVE CONTINUES!



Louis XV. could turn an omelet to perfection; a fast neither Napoleon nor the Duke of Lorraine could accomplish.



CHICKEN A LA KING

NAPOLEON HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT

JUST who originated this popular dish has been a source of much controversy among epicures. One long accepted theory was that it was first concocted by Napoleon's chefs when they had difficulty in obtaining enough chicken, the only meat available to feed his officers. The troops had complained about the scanty fare and the chef after putting his heads together decided to chop up the chicken mix with mushrooms and mushrooms with a cream gravy which they poured over black truffle.

So tasty did this prove and so did it stimulate the hunger of the troops that from then on it was frequently served in the army and later became popular with the French. Napoleon's chef, Jerome Bonaparte, who came to Baltimore and married Betty Patterson, was a credited with bringing the recipe to the United States.

Patriotic epicures take issue with this story and insist that chicken a la king is a Yankee concoction originated by the famous chef, George Greenwald, who at one time conducted a restaurant in New York's Flatiron Building. Their version is that

Greenwald, when a chef at the Brighton Beach Hotel near New York, planned to create a new dish which would please the owner, Mr. E. Clarke King. 2nd. Chicken a la king was the result and Mr. King thought so highly of it that he gave it to the world, refusing to have it copyrighted.

Louis B. Flora, chef of the Manhattan Club, Baltimore, brought the recipe to Maryland from the old Astor House in New York, where he was also chef. Here is the way Flora prepares it:

Select a young six pound fowl, boil then flake the meat. Slice thin or dice one pound of mushrooms, two medium green peppers and one quarter pound of mushrooms after which saute in butter.

Saute the flaked chicken meat in butter, add one pint of twenty per cent cream and the yolks of three eggs.

Mix together meat and vegetable season with salt only to taste, a little nutmeg and a glass of sherry wine. Garnish with truffles. Serves eight.

This may be served either as a chafing dish or other table dish with toast.

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Louis XIV. of France threaded truffles and mushrooms while he lay on his deathbed.



NOVA SCOTIA LOBSTER BLUENOSE

NOVA SCOTIANS having the largest lobster fisheries in the world many years ago created a traditional dish from this tasty product of the sea. Originating in the quaint town of Lunenburg, the fish honored in the "Bluenose" fishing fleet which based there the famous Nova Scotia lobster Bluenose soon spread throughout Canada. Here is the way in which it is prepared aboard the fishing boats:

Take one quart lobster meat, three tablespoons butter, one half

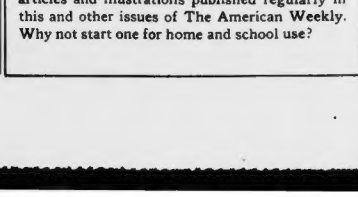
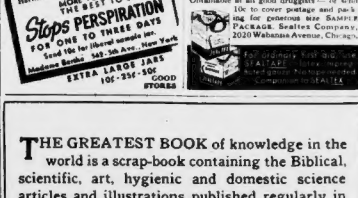
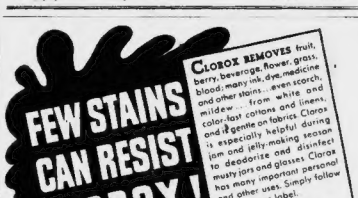
cup vinegar, one teaspoon sugar, one cup heavy cream.

Summer together for 10 minutes the butter and the lobster meat. Add vinegar, sugar and a dash of pepper. Simmer again for 5 minutes. Then bring to a boil. After that add the cream.

The secret of this recipe is having the vinegar boiled when the cream is added. Mix thoroughly and serve at once. If possible, boil the lobster meat in sea water for an added delicious flavor.

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Dishes for a Dozen

By Mary Lee Swann.

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

A FEW days ago I happened to be on a bus with three women who had just come from a most enchanting trip around the world. I did not know them, but I listened to the enthusiastic reports of their travels with much interest and admiration, because it seemed to me they had enjoyed the very things that would intrigue me most had the opportunity come to me.

They mentioned the flower gardens of England, the houses of Scotland, the small rural homes of Sweden, the kitchens of Brittany, the lakes of Switzerland, the roses of Bulgaria, the art treasures of Italy, the lovely Taj Mahal of India, the porcelains of China, and dozens of other things and places that add charm and zest to travel.

I noticed that they all agreed that they had returned home with a distaste for mere big cities. They didn't like big castles, they didn't like big cathedrals and palaces, they didn't like big hotels and restaurants. They seemed to wax enthusiastic over little things—little homes, little churches, little hotels, little towns, and one woman went so far as to say "I'm through with big parties. I have always liked little parties and from now on I'm going to have them."

One of her friends said, "Well, nobody ever seems to make plans that will help me with a little dinner. All the party directions I can find give recipes for 25, 30, 100 guests. I don't know enough about cooking to plan for 12 guests. Why doesn't somebody write something that will help inexperienced people like me?" I didn't say anything to my un-

known companions, but as soon as I got to my desk I began to make plans for "A little dinner for twelve," most of which could be prepared ahead of time. Some of the recipes for the little dinner I am including in today's recipes with the hope that some young hostess may discover for herself the charm of "little" intimate parties.

Melon Cocktails.

HAVE ready 6 cups cantaloup, 1 Casaba or honeydew melon balls or cubes. Add 2 cups red watermelon balls or cubes. Sprinkle with 1 cup orange juice, chill in refrigerator and serve in chilled sherbet glasses.

Tomato Cocktails.

SCALD 1 dozen small perfect tomatoes, drain and skin. Scoop out a little pulp from stem end, reserving the pulp. Sprinkle tomatoes inside and out with salt and French dressing. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, refill with the tomato pulp mixed with a little minced cucumber and seasoned with mayonnaise or French dressing. Place on crisp lettuce and serve.

Salmon Croquettes.

DRAIN 3 cups of good canned salmon. Melt 4 tablespoons butter or shortening, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1½ cups milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Combine with the salmon. Spread on a platter and chill in refriger-

ator several hours. Shape in small croquettes or mold into pyramids, dip each into sifted bread-crumbs, then into slightly-beaten egg yolk, and then again into crumbs. Place two or three at a time in a wire frying basket and fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper in the oven. Serve as soon as possible with well-seasoned creamed green peas.

Savory Potatoes.

BAKE the desired number of large well-shaped potatoes. They should be baked in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until they feel soft when pressed with the fingers. This will take about 45 minutes, unless the potatoes are small. When done slice lengthwise in halves and scoop out the insides without breaking the skins. Mash the potato and whip until light with salt, pepper, butter or cream, adding just enough hot milk to moisten. If desired, add about 1½ cups finely-chopped green pepper that has been cooked for a few minutes with a little butter. Fill the potato shells with the mixture, dot with butter and place in oven to melt the butter. Sprinkle with paprika and serve immediately.

Chocolate Refrigerator Cake. HAVE ready a large angel or sponge cake. Slice crosswise twice. Melt ½ pound sweet cho-

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prize Juice. Whole Grain Cereal. French Toast. Stewed Fruit. Milk or Coffee. Luncheon Lentil Meat. Cakes. Lettuce. (Croquettes or Meat Balls). Savory Tomato Sauce. Graham Roll. Cauliflower. Black Olive Salad. Mayonnaise. Herring. Hard Boiled Eggs. Submarine. Jellied Consommé. Pastry. Ved Cakes. Steamed Rice. Stewed Corn. Baked Beans. Tomato Salad. French Dressing. Vanilla Sauce.	Breakfast Sliced Cereal. Cereal. Poached Eggs. Bacon. Corn-Meal Cakes. Lentil Meat. Cakes. Lettuce. Eggs. Surprise. "Sautéed" Beef. Hot Brown Bread. Iced Tea. Dinner. a la Boite. Potatoes. Buttered Beans. Jellied Consommé. Pastry. Ved Cakes. Steamed Rice. Stewed Corn. Baked Beans. Tomato Salad. French Dressing. Vanilla Sauce.	Breakfast Bananas. Cereal. Orange Juice. Buttered Toast. Marmalade. Coffee. Luncheon. Cold-Shoulder Hamlet. Lobster. Salmon Salad. Mayonnaise. Delicious Pickles. Ice-Cream Rolls. Lemon Sherbet. Chocolate. Cup Cakes. Iced Coffee. Dinner. Roast Beef. Browned Potatoes. Dandelion Greens. Corn Fritters. Stewed Beans. Pickled Carrots. Apple Pie.	Breakfast Gelatin. Cereal. Goldenrod Eggs. Toast. Coffee. Luncheon. Cold-Shoulder Hamlet. Lobster. Cream. Dinner. Tomato Juice. Cocktails. Roast Chicken. Bread. Dressing. Cakes. Gravy. Tart Fruit Jelly. Steamed Rice. Succotash. Cauliflower. Green Salad. French Dressing. Romaine. Ice Cream. Cakes.	Breakfast Pineapple. Cereal. Coddled Eggs. Toasted Cheese Bread. Milk or Coffee. Luncheon. Individual Chicken Pies. Cream. Buttered Beans or Peas. Red Wine and Green Salad. Cauliflower. Dinner. Raided Bluefish. Lemon Sauce. Steamed Potatoes. Baked Potatoes. Cucumbers. Lettuce Salad. Tomatoes. Russian Dressing. Apples (Taken from Home). Punch. Hot Coffee. Substitute.	Breakfast Berries. Cereal. Coddled Eggs. Toasted Cheese Bread. Milk or Coffee. Luncheon. Baked Chicken. Suffled Potatoes. American. Ten Minute Potato Souffle. Golden Corn-Bread. Green Vegetable. Corn Pudding. Favorite Pickles. Supper. Punch. Punch in Woods. Hamburg Steaks. Baked Potatoes. Corn-on-the-Cob. Rolls. Tomatoes. Cucumbers. Apple Turnovers (Taken from Home). Punch. Hot Coffee. Substitute.	Breakfast Raspberries. Cereal. Toasted Muffins. Butter. Jam. Coffee. Dinner. Roast Lamb. Vial of Vial with Brown Sauce. Browned Potato Souffle. Buttered Green Vegetable. Corn Pudding. Favorite Pickles. Supper. Punch. Punch in Woods. Hamburg Steaks. Baked Potatoes. Corn-on-the-Cob. Rolls. Tomatoes. Cucumbers. Apple Turnovers (Taken from Home). Punch. Hot Coffee. Substitute.

colate over hot water. Add 2 tablespoons powdered sugar and 3 tablespoons boiling water. Blend well. Beat in 4 beaten egg yolks. Cook slightly and fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Flavor with few drops vanilla or peppermint. On a large serving dish, place the bottom layer of

the cake. Arrange alternating layers of cake and filling. Chill in refrigerator several hours. An hour or two before serving, cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste. With pastry bag and tubes, make up the cream roses, leaves, fillets of the valley, etc. on the cake. Return

to refrigerator until serving time. Serve at the table.

Tomato Apple Salad.

BRING 1 quart tomatoes to the boiling point with a few sprigs of celery and a small bit of onion (omit onion, if you prefer). Season with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ cup sugar. Soak 3 tablespoons gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Strain the tomato mixture and add to the softened gelatin. Add ½ cup vinegar. Put a small ball of cream cheese into each of a dozen small individual molds that

have been rinsed with cold water. Pour the cold tomato mixture over the cheese. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with thinly-sliced cucumbers. Serve with swirls of mayonnaise or French dressing.

Fruit Punch.

MELT 1 pound sugar in the juice of 1 dozen lemons. Add 6 thinly-sliced lemons. Chill. Add 2 quarts crushed ice. Stir into 6 bottles pale dry apple ale. Add a dozen sprigs of crushed mint. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

Unhappy Adventures of a Stage Star

(Continued from Double Page)

dustory to accomplish the ruin of Lucius's crowning glory, and worked so well that she almost succeeded in making her look like the statue of Venus Calva (the Bald Venus) erected in ancient Rome.

This Spanish squabble reminds me of another that occurred in 1834, at Paris, between Castillo Chelino, an Impresario from Madrid, and his powerful Polish prima donna, Luciana Cananaska. The latter called herself Lucia Cortez and was appearing as an Andalusian at the Alcazar, a music-hall that has witnessed murder and strange amours, like the palace at Seville after which it is named.

One day she asked Chelino for her back-pay, but she claims the only thing he gave her was the innocent reply to go and beg money from somebody and not to bother him. Boiling with rage, Luciana struck him in the eye whereupon, she says, he seized her by the throat and tried to strangle her.

A free-for-all fight took place a few weeks ago in a Paris studio during the filming of "Cheribin," a play based on the famous book by Gaston Leroux. The story deals with Devil's Island, which may explain why the players "acted like the devil."

scouted an overseer of the penal colony and was armed with gun and bayonet, started the fireworks. Having imbibed too freely of rum (to make the picture true to life, perhaps), he pulled off the false scalp worn by Pierre Freney, convict hero of the film, incurred the latter's displeasure and received a punch in the nose for his pains. Not daring to hit back at the star of the production, the sable son of Senegal sobored up momentarily and nursed his injured nose and feelings. But when a super, Eugene Stuber, ex-boxing champion, stepped up and smote him in the eye for having disturbed Freney, he stuck Stuber in the forehead with his bayonet, covering the fighter's face with blood.

Everybody now quit the set and piled onto the overseer, punning him till he was blue. If Leon Mathot, the operator, had remained on the job instead of engaging in the scuffle, he would have shot a scene more animated and realistic than any in the screen-play.

My face may show the wear and tear of the capital's realism here, but it has never yet been decorated by the nails and fangs of my footlight "friends." Still, it just missed being mangled when I was Harry Plicer's dancing-partner in the "Noddy Bar" at the Palace.

ette, had waited weeks for me to fall ill or turn an ankle in order to step into the role. Evident of my success, she devoted me in the depths of her heart and dreamed of vengeance, though carefully dissimulating her animosity with smiles and posing as a devoted companion. Growing impatient at my continued good health and luck, she mixed stole into my dressing-room and mixed ground glass with the face-cream, hoping I would spoil my complexion for a fortnight and so give her an opportunity to promote with Plicer. Fortunately, I discovered her devilry in time and only cut my fingers on the glass, which did not prevent me from cutting carers.

Again I escaped facial injury when playing in "Wann und Wo" (When and Where) at the Admiralsplatz Theatre, Berlin, where I experienced the wrath of a soubrette, Charlotte, whose cavalier had flirted with me. One evening, as I chatted with him in the wings, she went to my room and with a pair of scissors snipped to pieces an expensive ostrich plume costume of mine.

Returning to dress, I found Charlotte busy clipping the costume and interrupted her labors with a slap in the face. She retaliated by trying to cut a pattern out of my cheek, but a stage-hand came to my rescue.

(The End)

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3844—"DATE" DRESS AS WINESOME AS IT IS SIMPLE TO MAKE. THE CENTER PANEL TENDS TO DIMINISH THE SIZE OF THE WAISTLINE. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3861—MEDALLIONS SIMPLE TO CROCHET—MATCHLESS IN THEIR BEAUTY WHEN JOINED TO FORM THIS SPREAD, A CLOTH OR SCARF. Pattern 3881 gives directions for making these medallions, illustrations of them and all stitches, materials required, a photograph of medallions.

Pattern 3731—KEEPING HOUSE IS MORE OF A PLEASURE WHEN YOU HAVE SEVERAL PROCKS LIKE THIS MADE UP READY TO DON. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3862—A COOL JACKET FROCK THAT KNOWS HOW TO BE SLIMMING. SMARTLY 80° NOTICE ITS CHOICE OF NECKLINE TREATMENTS. LOVELY FOR MANY FABRICS. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch fabric for ensemble and ¼ yard contrast, for bow.

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